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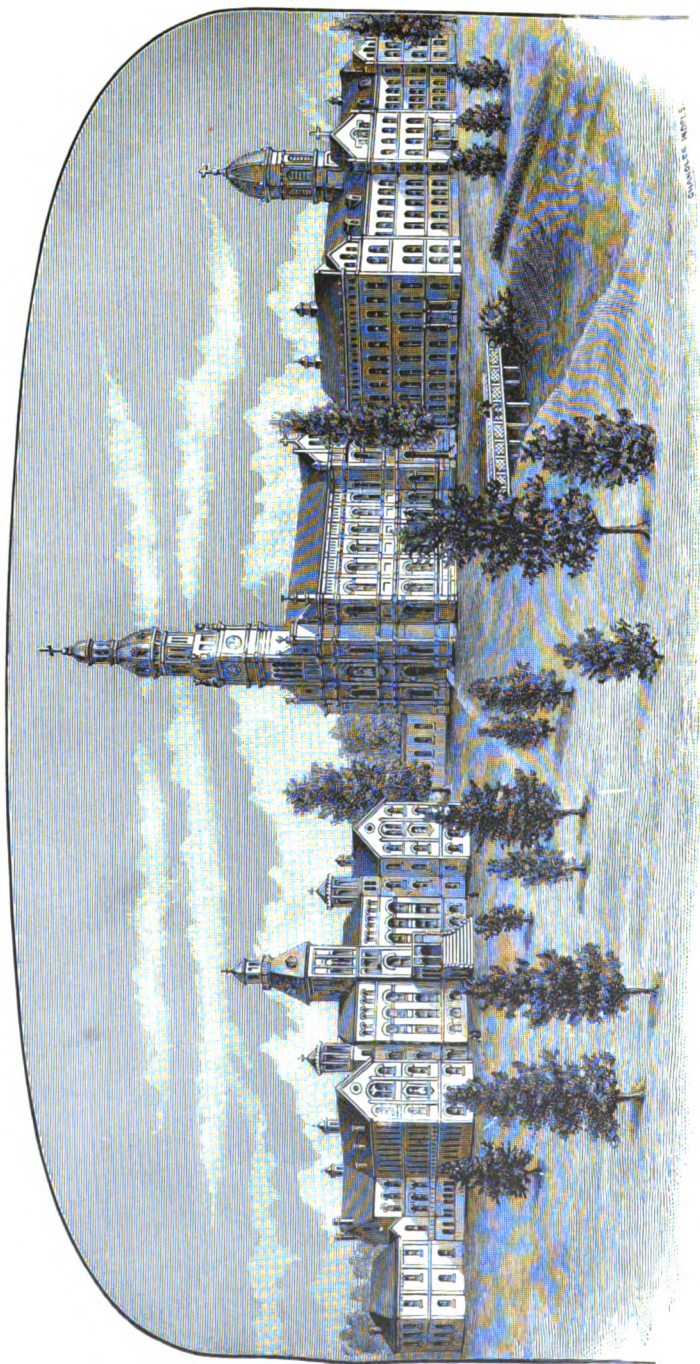
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Souvenir of the fiftieth anniversary, or, golden jubilee of St. ...

St. Mary's
Academic Institute
(Saint ...





ST. MARY OF THE WOODS, 1891. (Southwest View)
Donor : Mary E. Breen.

It is to be hoped all deficiencies will disappear in considering their ardent desire to have the history of their Alma Mater and the intention with which it is written, viz.: to be a testimonial of gratitude to loved teachers and an affectionate offering to all their pupils.

And if this poor feeble pen lead one soul to glorify and trust the sweet and divine providence of God that is so clearly shown forth in the beautiful Order of Providence, or cause even one to remember a lesson learned in this noble institution whose very name reminds us of our pure and Immaculate Mother, its mission will have been immensely great.

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Mary's!": "What is the purpose of those buildings in the distance?" Tarry, indulgent stranger, and hear the story these massive buildings, these shaded avenues, these beauteous walks, these noble forest-trees, these vine-clad hillsides, these picturesque ravines, have to tell; your delay need not be long, for they have a history of only fifty years to record.

Yes, not many generations ago, the place now teeming with every evidence of progress, and every proof of cultivated taste and art, was a dense wood, where—were we to consider sound as some scientists do, subjectively—the great oaks fell noiselessly to the ground, and the wild beasts roamed silently through the pathless forests, for then no human ear was there to catch the sound.

Time passed on; and one cold October day, on the little knoll where now stands the station at which you, kind friend, alighted, there stopped six noble-minded and brave-hearted women, in a rude vehicle such as travellers in the West then used. Here they were told by the driver: "This is your home." These self-sacrificing ladies had come from fair and beautiful France, the country which has stood pre-eminent among the nations of the earth in evangelizing barbarous regions, disseminating the seeds of Christian morality, and fostering science and art. These six Sisters of Providence from Ruillé-sur-Loir had bid farewell to their convent home and their

religious worship. Gloomy enough appeared the future for the parish curé ; but the vocation of the priest is divine, and when the graces of the calling are corresponded with, surprising, humanly speaking, is the result, and no less astonishing the influence that one truly zealous priest may exert even on states and nations.

In the north of France, on the meandering banks of the Loir, in the year 1802, a modest and unassuming curé, Father Dujarie, might be seen, evidently in profound thought. He had experienced the miseries just described, and he sighed for means to soothe the bleeding heart of distress, to heal the deep wounds that threatened to rankle in the bosom of an exasperated people. He saw the young growing up without any means of instruction in even the rudiments of religion, and he humbly begged God to visit with His mercy this desolate land, to inspire noble, generous souls to alleviate this distress.

God, Who so often makes use of the weak to confound the strong ; Who of old saved His chosen people through the instrumentality of an Esther and a Judith ; Who made use of a frail woman to restore Gregory XI. to the Eternal City ; Who shook the power of a Frederick II. by a child of only ten summers, St. Rose of Viterbo ; Who through an Isabella's influence and skill drove the enemy of the Cross from one of the fairest provinces of Christendom,

During the Revolution the estates of Count du Roscöat were confiscated, the family forced to emigrate, and Mlle. du Roscöat was obliged to help support the family, by using the talents she had so liberally received; but after peace was restored they recovered their castle and part of their estate. Then Mlle. du Roscöat was free to devote her time to the service of the poor, and each day her longing for a more perfect life increased.

At the time of which we speak, Providence directed Father de la Chapelle, of the Society of Jesus, to St. Brieux to give a mission. Mlle. du Roscöat attended the exercises, and revealed to the missionary her yearning for poverty, suffering, and obscurity, particularly her desire to devote herself to the instruction of the poor country children. This zealous Jesuit sent her at once to his friend, Father Dujarie, into whose views he had entered enthusiastically. Mlle. du Roscöat, being an accomplished lady, thoroughly educated and as holy as she was noble, gave the desired impetus, and became the foundress of the Sisters of Providence of Ruillé-sur-Loir. Postulants flocked in, and in a few years every diocese in France had obtained the service of the Sisters of Providence of Ruillé-sur-Loir.

Years rolled on in quick succession; religious sprang up, as if by magic, from the fertile soil of France. It is 1840, and Rt. Rev. Simon Bruté, of the

no one before having satisfied that greatest need of our hearts. The priest showed us the way; we followed in silence and entered the church.

“Behold the abode of the God of the universe! behold that stable, in comparison with which those of the cattle in France are fine! Here the Lamb of God is offered in sacrifice every day for the living and the dead. Here He abides day and night in a small pyx in which the priest can hardly insert two of his fingers. No tabernacle, no altar; for surely that name cannot be applied to three boards, four feet wide, resting upon pieces of wood at the corners, and supported in front by two sticks! This is the church of the place, and also our chapel; moreover, it is the priest's room, although its size is only 14 × 12 feet.

“Dear little chapel! long wilt thou live in the memory of the Sisters of Providence, not because of thy elegance, but of thy very rudeness that spoke in pathetic eloquence the stupendous miracle of love—a God dwelling in such obscurity, such abject poverty, merely to comfort the children of men! Precious chapel! thy simple history has been told by one of the Sisters in the following lines:

“‘A HIDDEN TREASURE.

“‘In a dense and mighty forest,
Lo, a poor log hut is seen;
Hidden truly in the woodland,
Hidden by the thickest green.

that evening, with hands uplifted, adored the Creator of this vast universe, and offered to Him the incense of devout and ardent prayer; but as the angels stooped to catch those harmonious melodies, was there one more pleasing to the God of harmony than the fervent petitions that ascended from humble hearts in that rude hut in the forest?

Let us continue the Reverend Mother's narrative:

"I return to the moment we entered the chapel. After having prayed, wept, thanked God for the past, asked for a continuance of His protection for the future, and placed ourselves and our undertakings under the special care of Mary, we came out to welcome the postulants. They took us to a small apartment which good farmer Thralls had given to them, and which served as refectory, recreation-room, work-room, dormitory, etc. It is in this poor room we are installed; and it is here we continue to dwell, far from the habitation of man."

Such was "their home." Such was St. Mary's fifty years ago. Six helpless women in a strange country, in the midst of the forest, with starvation staring them in the face, "far from the habitation of man." Might not manly hearts have shrunk from difficulties so appalling, without being accused of cowardice? We read that even the greatest saints have experienced human weakness when they recalled the cheerful hearth, the cherished friends

of her desire to enter the religious state; but a mother's detecting eye had fathomed her secret, and one day at dinner Madame Guerin thus addressed her: "My daughter, you wish to become a religious. Go, my child; I will be no hindrance to your vocation." Saying this, she hastened from the room. A great sacrifice had been consummated, and weak nature groaned aloud, but the spirit said: "Thy will, O God, be done."

What is the keynote to this life which may truly appear an ideal one, in some particulars at least? What the hidden spring which when touched reveals the inner beauty of her soul? Serenity of mind, goodness of heart, loftiness of purpose were impressed on every feature, and gave even to her outward self so peculiar a charm that to see her was to love her.

Shall I lift the veil that separated the exterior and interior life of Mlle. Guerin? Shall I make known the secret of that self-abnegation, that imperturbable suavity, that untiring devotedness? Or will it be offensive to the sensibilities of a luxurious age to hear the secret of true greatness? It is sometimes said that we are becoming utilitarians—that nothing save material beauty or utility can claim the appreciation of the American. I like to consider these remarks slanders fabricated from sheer envy. For I love to think of our nation as an

one and only end of her creation. She understood this in a practical sense, and acted accordingly. As a child of twelve years, examination of conscience meant more than a cursory review of the non-observance of commandments, followed by an act of contrition proceeding from the lips. She soon learned that she had an imagination to control, senses to mortify, a perverse and strong will to direct, the science of prayer to learn, humility and obedience to acquire; but the means to do all this were potent, and she hesitated not to use them, even if severe measures were necessary.

If her active imagination caused her prayers to be badly said, then some sense, the taste or smell, paid the penalty by denying it some legitimate gratification. As she advanced in years she grew in grace and virtue; her love for prayer increased, and this happy facility, combined with the peculiar circumstances before related, aided by the grace of God, brought about the model daughter and the Christian woman.

During the long years that anarchy and civil broils distracted France, Mlle. de Guerin visited the deserted churches, spending hours at a time prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament, communing with the great God of the universe, begging mercy for her cherished country; nor did she hesitate to unite fastings to vigils, for she believed that prayer is good

CHAPTER II.

FIRST CONVENT—FIRST ACADEMY—ARRIVAL OF M^LLE IRMA LE FER DE LA MOTTE--LOSSES BY FIRE—MOTHER THEODORE RETURNS TO FRANCE—KINDNESS OF THE KEEPER OF THE SEALS, M. MARTIN DU NORD—AUDIENCE WITH QUEEN AMELIA—INTEREST OF MGR. DE FORBIN-JANSEN, BISHOP OF NANCY AND TOUL.

MOTHER THEODORE and her heroic co-laborers spent the winter of 1840 in Mr. Thrall's house. This worthy gentleman vacated not only the small apartment before described, but also, as we learn from her journal, "the half of a garret in which are eight trundle-beds. This odd dormitory is located immediately under the roof, consisting of thin shingles so far apart that the wind and the rain make our dormitory very cold. Behold our condition! But did we not come here to suffer something for God's sake—we who were so well off before coming?"

In November the house was bought from the good farmer, and the Community was left in entire possession of it November 27, 1840. Behold the first Providence of the Sisters of St. Mary of the Woods! Fantastic convent indeed! Behold the

regret for what had been left; their patience and fervor were my greatest and sweetest consolation."

Not far from this odd convent Bishop Bruté had commenced a brick building destined to be the first Academy. We shall listen to Mother Theodore's impressions on first seeing it, as written to her friends in 1841: "It is a castle of the times of chivalry, so concealed by the trees that it can only be seen when very near it; still, trees have been felled for its erection. It is a fine brick building, 46×25 feet, two stories high, and has five windows in front. The corner-stone of this house was blessed August 17, 1840."

Such was the first Academy, opened in the spring of 1841. Certainly, the lofty boughs of the gigantic green-robed monarchs which stood sponsors for the Academy on that memorable August 17th must have wafted peculiar and eloquent cadences throughout the length and breadth of this mighty land, else how did those of the highest social position hear of the school situated in profound solitude, tucked away among the forest-trees? Precious children! First-born brought forth amid tears and lamentations and groans! You know not how dear you are to the Sisters of Providence! You little realized, much-loved pupils, as you nestled near the devoted heart of Mother Theodore, the mingled feelings of joy, gratitude, and love filling that heart, as with warm

when developed, constitute the Christian wife, the Christian mother.

Precious children! Since you left your "woodland home" you have been the pride of honorable fathers, as the brilliant light of the festive hall revealed your exquisite and modest beauty. You have graced the drawing-room; but has the guiding-star of your conduct been the early lessons of Christian virtue taught you in the school among the oaks? If so, then nobly repaid are all those privations, those sufferings and sorrows that brought into existence St. Mary of the Woods.

In the spring of 1841, beginning to hope for the permanency of her little colony, Mother Theodore wrote to Mother Mary and besought her to send Sister Francis Xavier, *née* Mlle. Irma le Fer de la Motte. This young religious, as her name indicates, was of honorable lineage among the nobility of St. Servan, Brittany. Mlle. le Fer was a most accomplished lady. She had applied herself, during the early years of her life, to belles-lettres, and had taste for poetry, composing with ease and elegance. She was equally fond of Latin, which she had successfully mastered, and was also an artist of no mean merit. But desirable as were these qualifications in those days, when accomplished and efficient teachers were so needed, her rare virtues made her far more attractive to Mother Theodore. Besides, she came to Ruillé that

of this long and perilous voyage, or the fatigue, anxiety, and disappointments endured during their stay in France. The event, however, is one of so much importance that we shall at least allude to its salient features. They arrived in France at an unpropitious time. The numerous demands on charity had drained the resources of the poor, while those of means were absent at their country seats. For a time they were sorely distressed, till Providence, in a singular and striking manner, came to their assistance. We shall allow the worthy foundress to relate the circumstances.

“Having gone to the Castle Brissac, three miles distant, I was directing Sister Mary Cecilia's attention to the beautiful architecture,—those superb towers, those arches and battlements which make that castle a precious monument among the gigantic constructions of the middle ages. Sister M. Cecilia was still admiring those beauties, when we were told that the Marchioness of Brissac would give us an audience, a favor we had not solicited. We entered, and were received by the pious Marquis and Marchioness with demonstrations of the most tender benevolence. They gave us offerings, and soon after sent us letters of recommendation to persons of the most distinguished rank in the capital. It was so late, however, when we reached Paris that we found none of those for whom we had letters. Only one

tleman not only took our letter to St. Cloud, but, not being able to speak to the Queen, he handed the letter to the King, asking his Majesty to be our friend near his royal consort. Immediately after his return from court, M. Martin du Nord told us what he had done, and bade us hope. He also desired us to let him know as soon as we should receive an answer from the Queen, assuring us, whatever hour we should wish to communicate anything to him, his office would be open. The answer did not come for a week. M. Martin du Nord became uneasy, sent for us, and said we must write again. I had to improvise a letter on the Minister's desk, but it proved unnecessary, for that evening, as we entered the Visitation Monastery, the Rev. Mother handed me a letter from the Queen, who said she would go from St. Cloud to the Tuileries the following Monday at 1 P.M., to see us there. At the hour appointed we went to the Tuileries. Her Majesty, Queen Amelia, had been for some minutes awaiting us. We were introduced into her apartments, and a few moments later she entered, gave us a most gracious welcome, bade us sit by her side, and inquired about our position as a tender mother might have done, listening with a lively interest to all our details. She showed a special kindness to Sister M. Cecilia, and spoke English with her. Finally, after having manifested the most encouraging sympathy for our work, she asked what we de-

mercy restored her strength, and after a long separation she was at last reunited to her daughters at St. Mary of the Woods.

Her first care was the accomplishment of her vow. In a short time, in a pretty little glade, a modest chapel constructed of logs told of their preservation, the Community's gratitude, and St. Ann's efficacy. It became a spot held sacred by the members of the Community, and one of the Sisters who had great taste in training and growing vines planted a beautiful wisteria and tecoma beside it. These hardy climbers soon fastened themselves gracefully and affectionately to those privileged walls, and in a few years this quaint *ex voto* was picturesquely enclosed in a luxuriant envelope of Nature's own making. St. Ann's Chapel became a familiar term with Sisters and pupils alike, and it was considered a great treat to be allowed to visit it and spend some time within its hallowed precincts.

Time spares not the work of those we love best, and after the lapse of some years it became necessary to replace the log chapel by one more substantial. On the same site, and of exactly the same dimensions, a stone structure was erected. This is unique of its kind, and is one of the special attractions connected with St. Mary's. The inside is literally lined with shells from the Wabash, arranged in effective and artistic designs: the altar, the candle-

of manner, beauty of thought, all the essential characteristics of culture and elegance. Possessing a wonderful aptitude for reading characters, she saw the child as she was in October ; and again, noting with the nicest precision, she perceived every improvement, moral or mental, that November had wrought, and encouragingly pointed out to the child her progress. The genial sunshine of her presence had a wonderful power in developing the good, eliminating the bad, in the child's character, thus forming young ladies in whom there was a rare blending of mental and moral excellence.

The reputation of the school became widespread ; and to give permanency to her work it was legally incorporated in 1845. Thus one year followed the other in rapid succession, some improvement in the surroundings of the school marking each year ; sweet-scented hedge and grateful vineyard replacing the briers and brambles, but ever at the expense of human thought and human industry. The land was paid for, deeds procured, and the future appeared so promising that in 1851 Mother Theodore felt justified in replacing the little frame Providence by one more worthy of the name of convent.

The contract for the building was given in that year, but actual work did not begin till 1852. This additional labor, added to her already multiplied occupations, afforded few leisure moments ; yet her

the necessity of attaining Christian perfection. Like St. John, her favorite virtue was charity, comparatively easy for her to practise, because of her greatness of soul and her deep discernment. This penetration enabled her to see beyond the exterior and discover good qualities in persons who appeared reckless, but who were not worthless. "It is our inability to go farther than the surface," she would say, "that causes us to be so fault-finding, so unwilling to bear with the imperfections of our neighbor." Each day she became weaker and weaker; her stomach refused nourishment; a raging fever consumed her; but, though suffering severe pain, she remained tranquil, engaged in prayer. It became apparent that the end was nearing. Extreme unction was administered amid tears and sobs, she alone remaining calm and peaceful. Innumerable were the prayers said, the masses offered, the mortifications made, all crying to Heaven to spare this worthy Superior; but God's will was there. Her physical strength gradually diminished till she was no longer able to speak. Silently she lay there, recognizing the Sisters only by a loving glance that she would now and then give the heart-broken watchers; then, closing her eyes, she would relapse into a state of repose. Hours of anguish were passed in seeing those lips that had so often spoken to them words of encouragement when they were disheartened; lips that

CHAPTER IV.

MOTHER MARY CECILIA SUCCEEDS—LAYING OF CORNER-STONE OF NEW ACADEMY—INFLUENCE OF BEAUTIFUL SCENERY ON THE YOUTHFUL MIND—DESCRIPTION OF FRONT LAWN—OF CHAPLAIN'S RESIDENCE—GROTTO—THE ANGEL GUARDIAN—ST. AGNES—MOTTO OF "ST. MARY'S GIRLS."

“HE fire of divine love never lights a brighter flame in the heart than when it is kindled by the wood of the cross.” So all religious Communities and works that are destined to promote God's glory grow and flourish in the shadow of the cross. It was on Calvary's summit, in the person of St. John, that we were given a Mother; it was there, when the rocks were rent and the sun darkened, that a God expiring opened heaven to sinful man. “My ways are not your ways, nor My thoughts your thoughts.” So the loss that the Sisters sustained in the early death of their foundress made them trust more implicitly in the never-erring providence of God. Sister Mary Cecilia, First Assistant, was elected Superior General to replace Mother Theodore in the summer of 1856. Under her wise administration the Community continued to prosper; the number of pupils yearly in-

the yard, suggested to a Sister the subject-matter of a dialogue for an entertainment in honor of the Rt. Rev. Bishop. The shrine referred to is a beautiful statue of St. Agnes, the lovely martyr of Rome. This is the gift of Miss Mamie Nester, of Detroit, Mich., of the class of '82. Miss Nester, now Mrs. Burke, would certainly feel that she made a judicious investment could she listen to the artless chattering of the dear children as they introduce each new-comer to St. Agnes. Then, in their own simple way, the story of the child-martyr, that loses none of its charms after the lapse of centuries, is repeated. From that time another soul has learned to know and love St. Agnes. It is surprising how readily children grasp the meaning of the word martyr, and how susceptible their hearts are to the morally beautiful. And it is scarcely less surprising to note how much St. Mary's pupils love St. Agnes and St. Cecilia. The teacher who for years had charge of the religious instruction of the Catholic pupils was often amused, when asking the name they wished for confirmation to hear invariably either Agnes or Cecilia. Here among the shrines the pupils of St. Mary's spend their recreations; and a privilege, too, they may enjoy is that of visiting the chapels, among which must be noted the Oratory of the Holy Face, constantly reminding them of all that is pure, holy, and divine. Do they become gentler, kinder? Do slang

Their glorious career upon earth,
Each ever impelled to press onward
By mandate received at her birth.
The sun in his glory appearing,
Onward rolled in the regions of space,
Till, sinking beneath the horizon,
The fair queen of night took his place.
Surrounding this crescent of beauty,
And bedecking the heavenly arch
With glittering spangles of splendor,
Shone the stars on their grand onward march;
But nature's most exquisite working
In the Garden of Eden we find,
Which God in His infinite goodness
Prepared for the home of mankind.
The fair, rippling streams of this garden,
Caressing the moss-covered shore,
Reflected the love of the Maker
Whom angels and men should adore.
The rays of perpetual sunshine,
Enliv'ning the waters so bright,
Proclaimed, in their dance on the billows,
The Source of this heavenly light.
The beams of the silvery crescent,
As they played in the emerald bow'r,
Foretold, in their clear, sparkling glances,
His Eternal, Omnipotent pow'r.
And man, in the garden of beauty,
Was to reign in perpetual peace;
But the wily contrivance of Satan
Caused all this happiness cease.
Allured by the Evil One's promise,
The ruler of Eden's bright vale
Was cast from this kingdom of splendor,
Sin, sorrow, and death to bewail.

As he views the great wonders revealed,
While memory, will, understanding,
In its intricate depths are concealed.
And lifting the mystical veiling
Which covers the birth-place of thought,
He traces the springs of attention
And the marvels with which they are fraught.
But during the mental excursion,
Whilst searching new wonders to find,
He hears the "Still onward!" of conscience
Ring forth from the depth of his mind.
It asks of his heart the great questions—
Whence he came, and whither he's bound,
And why in this bright world of beauty
True happiness cannot be found.
For vainly has Science endeavored
To solve the great problem of fate—
Man's position and duty in nature,
The hereafter of this present state.
These subjects have floated down ages,
Each century has left its own thought,
But still the consoling Eureka
Science alone has not caught.
'Tis Virtue obtains from Religion
The answer man still craves to learn,
And Divine Revelation is truly
The light to which he must turn.
For his soul, with all its endowments,
With its faith, and its hope, and its love,
Surpasses the mighty Pacific
And the Andes which tower far above.
It transcends in its grandeur and beauty
All the objects in Nature's vast field,
Immortal in its very essence,
To change or decay cannot yield.

Which has rung from the childhood of time.
 Enjoying the pleasures of heaven,
 Man will then experience the truth
 And the depth of the meaning
 In the motto he has heard from his youth—
Virtus cum Scientia.

A voice from the home of our childhood
 Sweetly echoes its "Onward!" to-day :
 It summons us to our loved parents,
 To the scenes of our home far away ;
 It tells us of brothers and sisters
 Who are waiting to greet our return
 To fill once again the old places
 Left vacant during our sojourn.
 With youth's buoyant spirit we listen
 To the voice which to us is most dear,
 But ever in life's brightest sunshine
 A shadow is sure to appear.
 This voice, though so joyous and blithesome,
 Has touched, in the depth of the heart,
 A chord which, vibrating, now echoes
 The sad sentence, "To-day we must part."
 It tells us that school-life is over,
 We must yield up its pleasures at last ;
 The busy preparing of lessons
 And the tasks of school-life are now passed.
 Adieu, loving friends of the class-room.
 Oh ! how sad is the parting "Farewell !"
 To leave those we've loved e'en as sisters,
 And in life's busy school henceforth dwell.
 All year we have shared in amusements,
 All our aims and our studies been one ;
 But alas ! those fond pleasures are over—
 Life's reality now has begun.

CHAPTER V.

FESTIVE DAYS AT ST. MARY'S—GRANDCHILDREN'S DAY
—ST. LUKE'S FEAST—GRADUATES' FEAST—THANKS-
GIVING—RT. REV. BISHOP'S FEAST—MAY-DAY—MAY
PICNIC—COMMENCEMENTS AT ST. MARY'S—COM-
MENCEMENT OF 1877—DEATH OF BISHOP DE ST.
PALAIS—SUCCEEDED BY RT. REV. BISHOP CHATARD.

SCARCELY have the pupils returned from their summer vacation than they begin to talk of Grandchildren's Day. This comes every 22d of October, the anniversary of the Community's origin in America. It is called Grandchildren's Day because it is a double feast for all those pupils whose mothers were educated at St. Mary's. On this day the pupils do not rise at the usual hour, but are allowed what all children appreciate, a morning slumber. At eight o'clock all assist at High Mass, after which the Reverend Mother presents to each Grandchild a bouquet of natural flowers, which is highly prized.

At twelve o'clock all partake of a sumptuous repast in honor of Mother Theodore. At two o'clock the Grandchildren, entitled to their prerogative, are conducted to the Community-room, where Mother Theodore's picture is embedded in autumn leaves.

Shrines are formed of natural flowers and lights about the pictures of these two saints ; and the one of St. Catherine in the Exhibition Hall is also decked in festive garlands. Into this room the class are led that evening by the Seniors, where they listen to a programme consisting of tributes to St. Catherine and St. Cecilia, addresses in verse containing good wishes for the future of the graduates, recitations, and music, both instrumental and vocal, of no ordinary grade of excellence.

On the 25th, though class continues in the other departments, any one chancing to peep into the graduates' room would imagine himself taking a glimpse of fairyland. All day they receive callers, and in the evening the Reverend Mother treats them to an elegant dinner of six courses served in the Academy parlors.

Thus ends a happy school festival that is ever enjoyed by the privileged ones who are fortunate enough to be the wearers of the laurel wreath in the following June.

This joyous occasion is quickly followed by Thanksgiving, which has pleasures peculiarly its own, being an entertainment of a national character.

The feast of St. Luke, October 18th, though not a free day, also has its own attractions, particularly for those devoted to Christian art. Some tribute of

The hope of our first parents,
The solace of all fears,
The dawn of man's redemption,
The joy of coming years.

St. Luke, thy task was glorious,
Presenting this rare flower
To future generations
With so unmatched a power ;
Portraying to the faithful,
In words and lines serene,
The praises and the features
Of Mary, Virgin Queen.

For this, St. Luke, we hail thee
With gratitude and love ;
We beg thy intercession
In courts of bliss above.
Thou ornament of Antioch,
Physician of St. Paul,
Our Lady's true historian,
Oh, hearken to our call !

Pray, guide our brush and pencil,
And aid us in thy art,
Be our most true physician
For soul, and mind, and heart,
And also our Evangel,
Good tidings to us bring,
That we with choirs celestial
" Magnificat " may sing.

We shall pass in silence over the Christmas-tide,
but we shall pause for a moment to recall the
brightest and happiest time of rejoicing, January

each pupil finds in him a wise counsellor, a kind Father, and an unchanging friend. Need we wonder that his feast is so great an event to those experiencing his goodness and zeal? It is but fitting that their energies and ingenuity should be exerted on so opportune an occasion of manifesting, not only their gratitude, but likewise their love and honor for one whom the Church ranks among her princes. Lasting are the lessons they receive of respect and submission towards the ministers of God, when such anniversaries are made a means of inculcating those principles. These entertainments are the means, too, of developing hidden talent. The child, naturally affectionate and appreciative, under the impulse of generous feeling awakened by circumstances so replete with noble sentiments, often surprises her teachers by prose and poetic productions of merit.

May-day is pre-eminently the children of Mary's day, and oh, how enjoyable! The privilege that every child of Mary covets is to decorate the oratory and crown with fairest blossoms the Queen of May. The ceremony is very pretty, and certainly tends to develop tender devotion to the Mother of God.

On this occasion, as on so many others, the pupils wreath flowers of poesy among nature's buds and blossoms. The following, composed by a child of Mary in 1873, will tell how much they love May-day:

"Oh, how sweet," cried one, "the token."

"It is nice," one calmly said.

"'Tis perfection," quick was spoken,

"Fairer wreath could not be made."

Oh! it must have been some fairy—

Mortal hands could ne'er have power

Wreath so lovely, e'en for Mary,

To entwine from fairest flower.

On her brow the flowers placing,

Bending lowly at her feet,

With the wreath her statue gracing,

Our loved Mother did we greet.

Gentle star of life's dark ocean,

Shining clear thy children o'er,

Fill our hearts with deep devotion

Till we reach the heav'nly shore.

Help us on our voyage dreary,

Guide us on the stormy sea ;

Tempests rage and we are weary,

All our trust we place in thee.

Now thy crown's thy brow adorning,

Resting fragile as a breath ;

And we'll ne'er forget the morning

We first saw thy lovely wreath.

The last holiday of the scholastic year is the May picnic. This means a free day spent in the back play-grounds before described. Each class chooses its own part of the lawn among the trees, and on it tables are prepared. The forenoon is thus pleasantly spent making preparations, arranging thrones and canopies out of the branches of the trees for their

homely features. This is the result of training, which has become so marked that a St. Mary's pupil can be easily selected from among hundreds.

The programme consists of music of a high grade, and essays that show mental culture in a high degree, as the appendix illustrates.

Two of these commencement days, however, are sadly memorable—that of '56, for reasons already given, and the one of '77, for it was the last day that Bishop de St. Palais spent among his children at St. Mary's.

This honored prelate was a nobleman by birth, in sentiment and personal appearance. His grandeur was of that rare kind which age only augments. He had guarded the very cradle of St. Mary of the Woods, and to him nowhere was the grass so green, the sky so blue, as there.

Commencement morning of 1877 was a bright and glorious one. Bishop de St. Palais, seated on his throne on the stage, never looked more benign, and his children were happy in his presence. The graduates remained till the next day, that they might have more time to spend with "Father Bishop." But how often a bright and sunny morning heralds a dark and gloomy day! Before another sun flooded with refulgent light the cross-crowned dome, a veil of sorrow hung over the "Woodland Home." On the morning of June 28th, before the pupils were

CHAPTER VI.

A GLANCE AT THE INTERIOR OF ST. MARY'S ACADEMIC INSTITUTE—AN HOUR IN THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT—STUDY-HALL CLASS-ROOMS—THE READING-ROOM OF THE CATHERINIAN CIRCLE—THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY GRADUATES' PICTURES—THE CABINET—THE STUDIO—THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

 HIS institution is pronounced by persons who have visited educational establishments not only in America, but also in Europe, one of the finest in the United States. The numerous windows, spacious apartments, and massive walls, partly brick and partly stone, of this imposing edifice speak not only of substantiality but also of comfort and refinement. The building has never been completed, but it is the intention of the present Superior-General to finish it in a few years, if not wholly, at least partially, in accordance with the first plan, which is that of a square constructed around a spacious court.

Seated in the Academy parlors, we are attracted by a production of genius enclosed in a gilt frame hanging above an inviting sofa. It has been put there to be seen, we think, so we draw nearer to view the design more closely. We find near the top of

and artists combine, no marvel that prosy people
wonder and admire.

EXPLOSION OF HELL GATE.

September 24, 1876.

Was it a poetic fancy,
Or a sentiment more sublime,
That prompted General Newton
Thus to fire the dangerous mine?
Or was it an inspiration,
That a work so nobly planned
Should reach its splendid climax
By the touch of his infant's hand?

Feast of Our Lady of Mercy
Was the all-auspicious day
When the granite rock of Hell Gate
To the baby's hand gave way.
With her tiny infant finger
Mary pressed the key, and lo!
Thousands beheld, in a moment,
The effects of that splendid blow.

The labor of years is over,
The obstruction cleared away,
And the great metropolis glories
In the world's most noble bay.
God's force in a baby's finger,
Like the touch of a magic wand,
Above all other forces
Achieved a result so grand.

The frowning rock called "Hell Gate"
Is the mariner's dread no more,
Since Mary's finger has opened
A safe sea-way to the shore.

A copy of the poem of 1876 was sent to Mrs. Newton, who, acknowledging its receipt, assured the Sisters of her appreciation, not only of the compliment bestowed on her family, but also of the artistic merit of the design, and of the kindly interest she and her honored husband take in St. Mary's Academic Institute.

Leaving the parlors, we meet the young ladies on their way to the various apartments, and are impressed with their studious appearance and lady-like bearing, convincing us that well remembered are the counsels of Mother Theodore relative to the mild though strict discipline needed in a convent boarding-school.

Girls in their tender years, when a mental and physical development is transporting them from girlhood to womanhood days, need a firm yet gentle restraint. One so gentle that it can scarcely be felt, yet so potent that it will develop strong and noble qualities. "Let your vigilance, my daughters," Mother Theodore would say, "be mild; but let it be a vigilance. See to the games and sports of the children; that the atmosphere of those entrusted to your care be free from those maddening excitements so infatuating for the young, but which ever bring a pallor to the cheek, a dulness to the eye."

The young need a constant watchfulness, thought Mother Theodore; and we are glad to say that in this age of license, when chaperones are discarded,

statue of St. Catherine of Alexandria, complete the furniture. This, we are told, is the reading-room of the institution, or St. Catherine's room, as here the Catherinian Circle meet for literary criticism. The work of this society is explained in the Prospectus, which we copy.

"This association is composed of the graduates and a class of seniors. The object is to cultivate a taste for polite literature. Meetings are held each week, at which the notes taken during their private reading are rehearsed. It is impressed upon their minds that 'you might read all the books in the British Museum, if you could live long enough, and remain an utterly illiterate person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter, that is to say, with real accuracy, you are forevermore, in some measure, an educated person.' (Ruskin.) The members are supposed to read their books letter by letter; to remark how comprehensive the title is; whether the work be original or a translation; the motto, if there be one; the number of editions; by whom published and approved; the dedication, the preface, and introduction. These will furnish an index to its character. Chief attention is given, however, to what the author says, and how he says it; thus knowledge is increased and the style becomes familiar to them. The classics are carefully analyzed and their beauties brought to notice. Extensive

the nucleus from which it has sprung, the growth cannot be called dwarfish. Here, as elsewhere, we find substantial tokens of the interest that worthy friends have taken in the welfare of the institution.

The pupils, with true love for their Alma Mater, have from time to time adorned the shelves of the library with lasting proofs of their kindly interest. These books, containing the name of the donor and teacher to whom given, cause both to live in the memories of their successors. Their contributions embrace hundreds of volumes of fiction, history, poetry, hagiology, biography, travels, letters, and journals, doctrinal and ascetical works.

Many other devoted friends have also contributed to its store. Among the donations will be noticed the works of Rt. Rev. F. S. Chatard, D.D., the historical writings of A. T. Drane, the works of Josephus, John Adams, Washington Irving, Benjamin Franklin, Bryant, and all the standard authors. The Literary Society is monthly reminded of the debt of gratitude they owe to patrons who furnish current literature by regularly sending various periodicals. The latest attraction of the reading room are the recently added works of Dr. John Gilmary Shea.

The Sisters have filled the shelves of the library with instructive and interesting books, encyclo-

ent to the praise that would have at least pleased the vanity of persons older and more experienced. We can still hear the tones of her rich, mellow voice rendering, with admirable effect, the sublime meaning of the words: 'The just shall flourish as the palm and germinate as the lily.' Dear Abbie, you led the life of the just, and we trust the palm of victory is yours to-day.

"Mr. Geis, a prominent lawyer of Salina, Kansas, has proved himself worthy of so noble a Christian wife. As soon as the first bursts of grief were past he turned to those she loved, the friends of her early youth, seeking sympathy and prayer. Now that death has robbed him of his treasured wife and child, his greatest desire is to see Gertrude old enough to tread the halls and share the joys and advantages so deeply appreciated by her mother. It is edifying to hear the reflections of this worthy Christian, and to witness his submission to God's will in this fearful bereavement. The children of Mary all feel deeply the sad and premature death of one familiarly known, and take this occasion to extend to Mr. Geis and all afflicted friends their heart-felt sympathy, and an assurance of their remembrance in prayer."

Leaving the reading-room, we come to the cabinet, a few yards distant. This is a powerful auxiliary to the acquisition of science, and is valuable not only because of its wealth of rare and precious specimens,

scurity. As soon as the building is completed, a spacious and well-lighted apartment will be allotted to it, when its three departments will display to advantage the riches they possess. Among the specimens illustrating lithological geology are numberless ores from various localities, varieties of marble, gneiss, granite, onyx, amethyst, topaz, petrifications, and a magnificent specimen of rock-quartz crystal, the gift of an old pupil. One of the graduates brought perhaps the most attractive of all the specimens, an Augenstein, as a souvenir of a European trip. The department of conchology is most complete; there is scarcely a river, sea, or ocean not represented. Among the specimens of palæontology many fossil remains are wanting; however, there are branches of lepidodendron ulodendron, fossil ferns from two to three feet long, fossil fishes, a species of spatangus, etc., illustrating the most interesting portion of geology. There are also many geological charts. One devised and written by the teacher who for many years conducted the class is a masterpiece of ingenuity. It enables the student at a single glance to classify the animal kingdom, which the chart represents as comprising four great branches: radiates, mollusks, articulates, and vertebrates. The radiates, consisting of 10,000 living species, being divided into three general classes, which are subdivided into eleven orders; the mollusks, with the 20,000 species,

And as I pass I think of Him
 Whose patient life and death remind
 All sinners of the loving Heart
 Pierced with the sins of all mankind.

So, when I see His wounded hand
 So sweetly raised to bless each task,
 I take His blessing as a pledge
 That He will grant us all we ask.

"Oh, come to Me, My children dear,
 And in My heart find light and peace:"
 This Christ has said, and this we know,
 That through His grace all sorrows cease.

Let us then in His Heart seek rest,
 That, from all pain and trouble free,
 We may, when life is o'er, find peace
 With Him for all eternity.

Apart from these considerations the shrine is worthy of admiration; for, from an artistic point, it possesses much merit. The statue of Our Lord is of life-size, being a very good imitation of the celebrated Munich statues. It stands in a niche, surrounding which are carved ornamentations reaching to the ceiling. A lamp burns before the shrine, and many plants constantly tell of the devotion and love of those consecrated to the divine Heart.

Sister Mary Joseph, who was specially devoted to the Sacred Heart, with the charming artfulness of the saints knew how to devise means to spread this her favorite devotion. On the evening of November

CHAPTER VII.

EVENTS OF THE MEMORABLE 1889—NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN FEBRUARY 7TH—MOTHER EUPHRASIE'S ILLNESS—HER DEATH—THE CONVENT CEMETERY—ST. ANN'S FOUNTAIN.

HOSE who may have followed us thus far in our narrative will no doubt have some faint idea of the appearance of St. Mary's when the New Year of 1889 dawned fair and bright.

The writer begs to call the kind reader's attention to the fact that this little souvenir is a labor of love. A desire to express her appreciation of her teachers, a tender love for the scenes amid which she spent her girlhood years, and an earnest wish to give a moment's pleasure to all old pupils and friends of the Institute by recalling familiar faces and pleasing scenes, have been the motives prompting this little work.

Keeping these objects in view, it will be evident that no attempt has been made to become the Institute's historian, which would require a closely connected record of the events marking its existence from its origin to its golden dawn.

It will be noticed that the majority of those fifty

advised the strictest economy, that the church fund might eventually justify the beginning of a structure somewhat worthy of its end—a house of worship. But it remained for Mother Euphrasie, who was elected Superior-General in 1883, to really begin the work, the foundation being laid in 1886, work continuing during the following three years, so that on the morning of February 7, 1889, the fine structure was resplendent in the glowing sunshine. The air was crisp, the ground covered with snow, the workmen at the Wabash cutting ice, Sisters and pupils busy with the various duties of the day, when the Providence bell calls on all to raise heart and mind a moment from busy scenes and earthly cares to the sweet, the celestial regions by a short and earnest prayer to the Sacred Heart, when, lo! the solemn peal of the bell is changed into a clangor of distress that is soon hushed by the roaring of the mad flames as they leap from dome to cellar of the mother-house.

It was a terrific hour. Ere long no bell, no telephone—everything consumed; the workmen at a distance, no way of obtaining aid. But the Sisters worked vigorously, carried water, saved furniture, and made strenuous efforts to arrest the flames. The pupils proved themselves worthy of their Alma Mater. Dainty hands forgot their fairness and dragged and saved household effects. Cold, hunger, weariness, were all lost in the one absorbing thought.

THE CLOUD THAT DIMMED OUR GOLDEN
DAWN.

The New Year's sun has brightly dawned
 Upon our convent home,
 Enwreathing with his glinting rays
 Her stately, cross-crowned dome;
 And happiness in gladness greets
 This "Eighteen-eighty-nine."
 The advent of our jubilee
 Makes newer joys combine,
 Whilst gratitude recalls with love
 The work by foundress wrought,
 The years gone by, and sainted names
 With holy mem'ries fraught.
 We turn to view our temple grand
 This clear bright morning tide—
 Majestic monument to God,
 Uprising in its pride;
 The "Sursum Corda" of our love,
 Our "Credo" wrought in stone,
 Our grand "Magnificat" of praise,
 Our "Suscipe" out-shone;
 The votive gift of grateful hearts,
 A worthy fane to be,
 When consecrated to Our Lord,
 Our Golden Jubilee.
 And hence, throughout the world to-day,
 • Our Sisters near and far
 Rejoice this eve of fifty years,
 And hail this morning star.
 And so felicitations pass
 From heart to heart sincere;
 But one more cycle of the sun
 Will bring our Golden Year;

Impearled with diamond dew ;
 And whilst " Te Deum " heav'nward wafts
 Our gratitude profound,
 The names of benefactors all
 Shall sacredly resound.

Another gleam of hope shines out,
 Another smile thro' tears ;
 And we may yet with undimmed eyes
 Review our fifty years.

St. Mary's with maternal pride
 Beholds in bright array
 Her pupils rise, an army grand,
 To aid her cause to-day.
 They bid her cast away all doubt
 And quell her heaving sighs,
 That from her ashes, Phoenix-like,
 New Providence shall rise.

The heavy cloud has rolled away,
 The day-star dawns anew,
 And, like eclipses of the sun,
 But gives a brighter view.
 The Golden Gift of " Daughters' " zeal
 To Alma Mater given,
 Like burnished clasp to broken chain
 Rebinds the ties thus riven.
 And whilst our Alleluias
 With prayer's aroma blend,
 The choicest wishes of our heart
 For them shall e'er ascend.

The year '89, rude herald of the Golden Year, how
 laden with inconveniences ! Sisters and boarders
 lodged in the Academy, but Mother Euphrasie's

During her entire life she was seldom free from physical pain. Of a brilliant intellect, great refinement of feeling, tenderly reared, having a nervous temperament, she was a good subject for pain, whether mental or physical, and God in His mercy seemed to have given her a special vocation, the highest He can bestow on His creatures—a vocation to suffer. When the Sisters saw her genial cheerfulness amid pains so torturing they felt they could not give to heaven a soul whose fortitude and magnanimity seemed necessary for earth.

Forgetting their act of resignation, they would again plead and importune the good God to leave their Mother. But He desired the sacrifice. We shall here insert a description of her death and obsequies, as chronicled by the *Chicago Press*.

“LAID TO REST.

*DEATH AND FUNERAL OF REV. MOTHER EU-
PHRASIE, LATE MOTHER-GENERAL OF
THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.*

TOUCHING ADDRESS BY RT. REV. F. S. CHATARD, D.D.

“The shadow of death cast a deep gloom over the beautiful home of St. Mary of the Woods, and a pang of grief wrung the hearts of the Sisters of Providence wherever located, and of their innumerable friends, when the following sad news flashed over the wires and reached them: ‘Died—Mother Euphrasie,

veyed early in the morning to the spacious hall adjoining the chapel.

“ At 8.30 A.M. the venerable chaplain of St. Mary's, vested in amice, alb, cincture, and black cope, assisted by Father Gavisk, of Indianapolis, commenced the *Ad Dominum, cum tribularer*.

“ At the close the remains were carried to the chapel and placed on a catafalque before the main altar. The chapel was profusely draped in black and white,—on the one part, a large cross on white background; on the other, an anchor,—all the draperies in white flecked with black, while the black were similarly arranged. Soon after, Rt. Rev. Bishop Chataud, preceded by a number of priests and assistants at the mass, came into the sanctuary, and after vesting according to the usual rubrics commenced a pontifical requiem mass. The following assisted: Rt. Rev. Mgr. Augustine Bessonies, assistant priest. Deacons of honor—Very Rev. Anthony Scheideler, Indianapolis; Very Rev. H. Aldering, Indianapolis. Deacon of the Mass—Rev. E. Audran, Jeffersonville. Sub-deacon—Rev. M. McEvoy, Terre Haute. Master of ceremonies—Rev. F. H. Gavisk; second master of ceremonies—Rev. Father Riehle; Rev. Joseph Macke, Rev. J. J. McGovern, D.D., Rev. J. Kelly, N. Albany, and others.

“ The music of the mass, chanted by the Rev. V. A. Schnell and Dr. J. Willien, assisted by the choir

fitted for that life of assiduous duties which made her a most useful member in the Community.

“In doing this she made great sacrifices ; but she followed the divine call, and gave herself without reserve to the divine Master. Her life is known to you—her deep piety, her strong faith, the latter being exceptional, in fact, extraordinary, rarely seen in those who come into the fold by means of conversion.

“Her beautiful simplicity, humility, and zeal for God's glory were remarkable. She presided over the interests of this large Community with unerring tact, and spread a salutary influence that will be lasting. Disaster in the shape of fire came,—aye, even in the destruction of the mother-house,—but she met it bravely. She fought the good fight, and deserves her reward for victories achieved.

“When the dread news of an incurable disease was conveyed to her she calmly said, “Let the will of God be done.” Her sufferings were intense ; yet her patience, her willingness to suffer more were most edifying. I often witnessed this and offered sympathy. “Oh, I offer myself as a willing victim for the conversion of sinners, and for the benefit of the Community,” she said.

“Dear Sisters, you have her life and her death before you. Enter, then, into the holy spirit of our faith ; stimulate your devotion ; offer the tribute of

“Mother Euphrasie’s grave was selected to be near Mother Theodore. Around it bishop, prelate, and priests gathered. The brown-stained pine coffin was placed in the grave, the Bishop sprinkling holy water and offering blessed incense. He then, taking spade in hand, threw a few clods of earth on the coffin, followed by prelate and priests, each uttering in low voice the words: ‘Remember that thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return.’

“After this the clergy returned to the chapel. The Sisters then, each in turn, approached Mother Euphrasie’s narrow home, looked for the last time on what was mortal of one whom they revered and loved, while loud sobs were heard breaking through the monotonous dirge of the wild zephyrs, which wafted them sorrowfully through pine and fir tree. It was deeply affecting to see the aged Sisters taking their farewell, many tottering under the weight of years, others weakened by continuous labors, some who had been her Superiors when she was a young novice, had been her counsellors, and knew her but to love her.

“It may not be amiss to observe here that the attendance of many on this solemn occasion was noteworthy. There was the Rev. Father Audran, who forty-nine years ago welcomed the first six Sisters of Providence when they arrived at Vincennes from

stream flowing from the fountain to the little lake, which furnishes water and dew to the conservatory, flower garden, and festooned arbors lining its banks. A park extending from the cemetery to new Providence has been planted.

A CROWN FOR MOTHER'S FEAST.

(Presentation of a crown of flowers.)

FIRST COMMUNION.

It is a crown to-night we bring,
Of blossoms sweet and fair ;
To call to mind how thou in life
Such various wreaths must wear.
For once, dear Mother, on thy brow
A simple crown was placed ;
Thy first Communion, symbol meet,
When thy young soul did taste
The sweetness of the bread of life.
True type, O wreath of white !
For lo ! thy holy Infant Spouse
In thee sought His delight,
And thou didst feel the Saviour's love,
Thou heardst His whisper low ;
And all that passed within that heart
The world may never know.
To human eye, a fragile child,
To angels, Jesus' own,
For lowly bent, in rev'rent awe,
They lingered near that throne.

VESTURE.

Again we saw thee, robed in white,
Before our altar kneel ;
Thy choice was made to Providence,
The call thy soul did feel.
Thy crown of flowers so bright was changed
For our religious veil ;
And they did thee, in God's own house,
As Jesus' bride then hail.

- EU. Yes, these are the things that, renouncing,
The nuns their sole happiness find.
- FR. My child! I implore you, entreat you,
Vain fancies like these do not mind.
Tell me, Euphrasie, now tell me,
Fair one of nobility's birth,
On whom wealth and beauty are smiling,
While your life is yet given to mirth—
Can it be—no!—can it be possible
That a heart that is tender as yours
Like a stone could be hardened against us,
To turn to life's loneliest bowers?
To bend to the nunnery's labors
Your form, that is graceful and frail?
To conceal that fair brow, and forever,
Neath the shade of some poor sombre veil?
My heart, aching, chills at such portraits,
And for peace I must turn them aside:
Go, ask in that still, dreary convent,
One in whom you may surely confide,
What trials she's had to encounter
That to quietude now she will cling,
That she thinks now the cross of the cloister
True happiness to her will bring.

SCENE II.—*In the Convent.*

- NUN. Ah! welcome, my dear little maiden,
To this room that is simple and poor;
And needless, I know, now to tell you
We glory in poverty's store.
What has my little Euphrasie
To ask me? for truly I see
Those eyes are expressing some wishes,
Unspoken, as yet, though they be.

For once and forever 'twill be ;
 For the world and all its best pleasures,
 No joy can they ever bring me.
 My heart in my youth was all given,
 Not to Roman of royal descent,
 But to Jesus, in Whose love and service
 My days in seclusion are spent.
 Go, then, my good lords, and tell him,
 The Emperor whom you revere,
 To dispose of my lands and my servants,
 'Mongst the poor my inheritance share.
 And my life will calmly be passing,
 Unknown and forgotten by all,
 E'er faithful to vows I have chosen,
 To follow the heavenly call.
 And then to my dear Spouse in heaven
 My treasures of virtue I'll bring ;
 And I'll follow the Lamb's chosen virgins,
 Singing songs that none others can sing.
 Ah yes ! even now there's a foretaste
 Of the joys of that bright home above ;
 Where the crown of Christ's vestals awaits me
 In His heavenly kingdom of love.

NUN. I'm sure now, my own dear Euphrasie,
 Choice graces must now fill your soul,
 That has hearkened and followed God's calling,
 That seeks to accomplish His will.
 He loves you, my child, now and ever,
 He'll give you His blessings untold ;
 And His heart, for His creatures e'er burning,
 In its sweetness your soul will unfold.
 And now, my dear child, ere I bring you
 With novices where you will rank,
 Let us go to the foot of the altar,
 Our Lord let us there humbly thank.

skilfully arranged by an artist's brush. In the centre of this card the following lines were written:

"TU ES SACERDOS IN ÆTERNUM."

"INTROIBO AD ALTARE DEI."

Fifty times the wheat has ripened
Into sheaves of golden grain,
Fifty times the grape has purpled
During autumn's glad refrain,
Since the young priest at the altar
Offered first this rite divine—
"Sacrifice of clean oblation,"
Sacrifice of bread and wine.

Bright the scene with mystic splendor,
Gleaming o'er the hallowed day;
Sunshine breathing benedictions
O'er the priest's "Judica me"—
Feast of Mary, Queen triumphant,
Rising in her spotless bloom,
On the flaming wings of seraphs,
Thro' aroma's choice perfume.

Lo! a sudden flash of brightness
Depths of Eden's beauty show,
And we hear the golden promise
Sounding clear from long ago.
Now the solemn *Sursum Corda*
Rises on the morning air,
And our hearts are carried upward
On the pinions of the prayer.

Clouds from out the gem-lit censer
Canopy the altar's shrine,
Whilst the *Suscipe* is whispered
In a silence all divine.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW PROVIDENCE BLESSED AND OCCUPIED—ELECTRIC LIGHTS—TITLE "SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE"—GOLDEN JUBILEE — CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD WISHES FROM RUILLE-SUR-LOIR.

N the morning of September 8th, 1890, new Providence was blessed. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard said mass at 6.30 o'clock, during which beautiful hymns were sung. After mass he addressed a few words to the Sisters, extending his congratulations and reminding them of the gratitude they owed to God for the successful completion of a work begun and continued under His protection, sought in earnest prayer. He bade the Sisters rejoice, assuring them that a subject of joy for man is to see his undertakings crowned with success; therefore he said: "Let to-day be a family feast." At the conclusion, assisted by the venerable chaplain, Rev. John B. Guéguen, he performed the ceremony of blessing the house. That evening the first meal was taken in new Providence; and though recreation was granted, there was little talking done and little food consumed, for emotion deep and heart-felt destroyed appetite and checked utterance.

Beautiful new Providence! Precious convent

Theodore. The only preparations for the celebration of the day were of a religious character; however, the Sister novices, as customary, arranged a programme consisting of appropriate poems, congratulatory addresses, music, etc., in honor of the memorable day, and to manifest love and veneration for those who are cherished in the Community as precious relics of the past—links that unite the humble beginning and the glorious present—viz., Sister Olympiade, Sister Mary Xavier, and Sister Agnes, the first two being the only remaining ones of those who fifty years ago bade farewell to home, friends, country, and Ruillé-sur-Loir, and Sister Agnes, the last of the four postulants who awaited Mother Théodore in Mr. Thrall's house.

How gladly the Sisters gathered around these dear veterans who have witnessed the many changes within those five decades of years! These dear Sisters occupied places of honor on that occasion, and congratulations from friends far and near were received. The Catholic pupils approached Holy Communion, High Mass was celebrated, all school-work was dispensed with, a festive dinner served, and benediction brought to a close this festal day.

The fiftieth anniversary, however, of the closing exercises at the Academy will take place in June '91, and pupils have determined on having a "Golden Reunion." The cares of years may have left their im-

and grandparents, one and all, will come to this reunion, which we hope will redound to the glory of the Institution, the honor of the Sisters, and the happiness of all.

Little "Souvenir of the Golden Jubilee," go forth on your mission of love! Go from the great Atlantic to the Pacific coast and make known the scenes you have portrayed. Scatter far and wide the proofs of the goodness of God, Who so lovingly cares for those who trust Him. Tell the story of the Sisters of Providence, who have chosen that beautiful attribute of God for their title and which makes theirs the happy privilege of becoming a providence to others. Evidently the providence of God has been shown in their regard, for under that guarding care the mustard-seed planted in 1840 has become a spreading tree. It is this Providence that has furnished your homes in the far East and distant West, and the same providing Hand has attracted to your care thousands of children, that you may teach them to know, love, and glorify God's holy name. But is this not due, at least in a certain measure, to your confidence in that loving care that forsakes not the birds of the air?—for even in your poverty you generously gave of your little. Hundreds, yea thousands, have enjoyed the blessing of a Christian education, the gratuitous gift of your

letter from the mother-house in France, whence Mother Theodore started to found this new home in Indiana, we shall insert, considering it an appropriate conclusion to this "little labor of love."

"J. M. J.

"RUILLÉ-SUR-LOIR (SARTHE), Feb. 21, 1891.

"*My good and dear Mother :*

"The blessed day of the 22d of October, 1890, the fiftieth anniversary of your arrival in Indiana, you passed in the quiet enjoyment of recollection and prayer. Ah yes! we understand how you loved to recall in the solitude of your hearts the goodness, the tender mercies of the Lord in behalf of your dear religious family, and how sweet and very consoling it must have been to you to dwell, in memory, on the many and delicate attentions which divine Providence has vouchsafed to bestow upon your cherished Cradle at St. Mary of the Woods.

"With what transports of loving gratitude you and your beloved Sisters have repeated these words of our holy office: 'Let us hasten to present ourselves before the Lord, to celebrate His praises: for He is the Lord our God and we are His people and the sheep of His pasture.'

"But, dearly loved Mother, your Community on

Olympiade; to visit that spot which God has given you, the holy dwelling which you have raised to Him, and there to pray with you—this is a pleasure we shall have to offer in sacrifice to Our Lord. However, in spirit and in heart we shall be with you. Ruillé shall be all in festivity and rejoicing the 24th of June. The holy sacrifice of the mass shall be offered, my dear Mother, for you, and for all your daughters, Sisters, and novices, and for your dear pupils of the Academy. Neither shall your beloved departed be forgotten during that holy hour.

“We shall pray with all the fervor of our hearts that you may obtain through the intercession of our Immaculate Mother, and of our good father St. Joseph, the assistance of which you stand in need to continue your work of zeal and devotedness for the glory of God and the extension of His kingdom.

“It would give us great pleasure to receive the account of your Jubilee celebration, for your joys are ours, you know it, my good Mother, as your trials are also our trials. May this confraternity of our hearts and of our souls be always for you, and for us, a consolation, a strength in our labors here below, as they shall be our joy in heaven, where we shall be forever united in the bosom of God.

“I ask God, my good Mother, to bless your dear Academy, and to lavish on you and all your Sisters His most abundant benedictions.

lieve that the writer will love more sincerely, more intensely, the home of her youth, the preceptresses of her girlhood, than she who presents this token of affection, this souvenir of the Golden Jubilee, to the teachers and pupils of her loved Alma Mater—St. Mary's Institute.

latter, who look upon me as a caged bird ready to carol forth warblings so soon as the door is open, granting me free access to the gay world beyond.

But I hope the larger portion will lend me their sympathies, and feel with me that the ties of my childhood are sundering, that I am waking from the soft, sweet dream of life to meet its stern reality, and will forgive me if I speak emotions too tumultuous for silence, yet too sacred for utterance, remembering that our gentle songstress has chanted that

"Though the brave may not tremble when war shall surround them,

Nor shrink when the mantle of death shall have bound them,

Which can look, without shrinking, on death in its gloom,
Will dissolve like the dew, or some wizard's dark spell,
When it bids the sweet home of its childhood 'Farewell.'"

Like the Jewish matron of old my mother offered me, whilst I was yet but a child, in this temple dedicated to religion and literature, with the only wish that on my heart and on my mind might be indelibly inscribed its motto, "Knowledge and Virtue United;" and like the child in the old Jewish Temple my years have glided peacefully along in the endeavoring to acquire those dispositions which will enable me to perform the part allotted to me in the stage of life.

Years ago, when a glorious sun was bathing the world in a sea of golden light, I first saw St. Mary of the Woods. Though then but a child, the im-

are all made to seek happiness, and if we are prevented from finding it in its legitimate place we will seek it in others, and we shall be fortunate if these last are simply useless, and not hurtful. Often we hear, as proof of woman's mental weakness, that too many women place much of their happiness in frivolous pursuits; this proof is insufficient, for we all know that strength of intellect is always accompanied with a peculiar activity, which, if deprived of its proper object, will spend itself on whatever is placed before it. In this lies the chief danger of depriving the intellect, either masculine or feminine, of its proper nourishment. There would not be so much of that intense love of fashion which now so thoroughly pervades society, distressing the thinking men and women of the present day, if the majority of women were taught to take a deeper interest in higher matter; if instead of applying their taste only to dress they would use it in the observation of what was beautiful and grand in art, science, and literature. The only way to stem the almost overwhelming tide of worldliness is for woman to take the lead in the great reform that is so much needed. This she will never be able to do, unless her education is such that she can perceive that there are things to strive for which bring more happiness than the foolish garb, which, when a year old, the world of fashion is the first to deride. There would not

is certainly worth all the conquests ever made by mere beauty from the days of the fair Egyptian queen to the present hour. Was not the intellect of Madame Swetchine, that magnificent being of whom her illustrious biographer says, "She united the head of a man to the heart of a woman," more to be desired than all the beauty of form and feature, since, besides procuring for her the friendship of the great ones of the earth, it enabled her to discover the field in which the Gospel pearl lies hid? Nor are these the only, the most brilliant examples that might be brought forward. How many, like St. Theresa, have devoted noble intellects in a special manner to the Giver, thereby reflecting a glory not of earth! How many have sacrificed all that the world considers precious in order to impart to others that Christian education which our Church holds so dear! And how many remaining in the world have done their duty nobly by making their homes the pleasing abodes of intelligence and virtue! Are not these triumphs greater than those of dress and fashion? Are not these nobler aims to place before women?

The vast influence that woman exercises renders it of paramount importance that her mind should be so cultivated as to enable her to employ this influence aright. The impressions made in childhood are the most enduring, and to woman is con-

rights which do not belong to them, have brought ridicule on their sex, remember that these women only illustrate the law that extremes produce their opposite extremes. If you would rescue woman from those scenes of discord in which they who direct the affairs of nations must mingle, develop her intellectual resources, and then, with a just pride, she will perceive how in the sweet retirement of home she may wield influences no less potent than the hidden forces that, in the silence and darkness of the earth, rive the rock or bring forth the untold treasures of the mines, or that in the depths of ocean call forth the rainbow-tinted pearl. The claims made to other rights are the consequences of underrating and only half educating woman, and these claims are no more absurd than to believe that woman's intellect is circumscribed by the narrow limits which Molière, and others than him, assign to it. These moralists, if they can be so styled, make woman an incomplete being, resembling the parasitical plants that cling to the forest trees, beautiful, it is true, but entirely dependent and utterly useless. Since we of the present generation stand

“Heirs of ages, in the foremost files of time,”

let us choose from among our inheritances the good, the beautiful, the true, and reject that which falsely

trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.' (Shakespeare.) My name is Attention, and I shall take pleasure in explaining my mission to you, as it will aid you in making a beneficial tour through Philosophy. My office is to direct the mind to particular things, as this is necessary to acquire the art of thinking correctly. Persons often see objects without giving them any particular heed ; therefore they are incapable of forming a just estimate of them. In this state their minds are, as it were, outside of themselves, which gives the very pernicious habit of listless inactivity. Now, if you wish to acquire correct ideas, cultivate the power of directing your mind intensely to whatever comes before it. This is the foundation of a sound intellectual character. There are many instances where this ability has been possessed in so high a degree as to be worthy of notice. You will find recorded in my archives the names of men who could investigate the most complicated problems amidst every variety of disturbance. They acquired this wonderful capability by directing their whole mental energy to every duty. Now, as an illustration of the benefits derived from close observation, let us glance at some of those stones at the base of the hill : many of them appear dull and insignificant ; but if examined they will be found very precious. This one you would pass unheeded, but when pol-

cause he possesses powers of intellect and organs of sensation superior to ordinary endowments of humanity, but because he directs his observation to that particular thing. You have probably read the very amusing and instructive dialogue entitled 'Eyes and No Eyes.' If, therefore, you wish your travels to be beneficial, you must give everything sufficient notice. There must be no leap or hiatus in your conclusions; and, above all, beware of hasty generalization—it invariably leads to error. Defective induction gives rise to faulty deduction.

“If you wish to discover truth, and that is the object you seek, examine carefully every word and argument. It is not sufficient to store the mind with new ideas; it is a matter of equal importance to impart to all the mental powers a suitable discipline, to exercise those that are strong, to strengthen those that are weak, and to maintain among all of them a proper equilibrium. Thorough examination of subjects is a training up of the mind in both these respects. It furnishes the mind with that species of knowledge which is most valuable, because it is unmixed with error; and, moreover, it gives a strength and consistency to the whole structure of the intellect. Whereas when the mind is long left at liberty to wander from object to object without being called to account and subjected to salutary rules, it loses the ability to dwell upon the

LA PENSIEROSA VISITS THE EMPORIUM OF
• MEMORY.

**"Remembrance and reflection, how allied!
What thin partitions thought from sense divide!"**

The last rays of the setting sun were forming an amethystine twilight when La Pensierosa arrived at the great Emporium of Memory. The tree-tops and the clouds were deepening, and the lingering rays, with their convex gleams, were gilding the mountain-peaks, forming a succession of those beautiful pictures which baffle the brush of the artist and the pen of the poet. Our gentle tourist would fain have paused to admire these scenes; but as night was approaching, she proceeded to the Palace of Memory. The gracious queen received her very cordially, promising every aid necessary to make her tour pleasant as well as profitable. Memory's voice, deep, clear, and soothing, like some sweet, beguiling melody, so delighted La Pensierosa that she exclaimed :

**"Blest Memory, thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns
below,**

**To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know,
What softened views thy magic glass reveals
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals."**

**"Ah! it is of my power you wish me to speak,"
said Memory. "The great charm of my domain is**

with the world, stands out in bold relief, as the eye-witness of each successive age which has rolled by since the majestic decree, 'Let there be light,' reverberated throughout the yet unformed universe." They then opened a ponderous door and entered a hall of vast dimensions. Time, the giant chronicler who, though himself always young, imparts age to everything around him, occupied an elevated seat. Veracity with a microscope and Justice with scales of unerring precision were standing beside him in capacity of prime assistants, their duty being to examine into the verity of each event inscribed in the archives of this temple.

Pictures of all ages, of all empires, were there. Every excellence was presented—sublimity of genius, delicacy of taste, solidity of judgment, valor in conquest, and ability in government. There *La Penserosa* beheld man first dwelling in a "garden of delights;" then bent with shame and confusion, "earning his bread in the sweat of his brow;" farther on, the Ark peacefully sailing over a submerged world; and, in close proximity, the Tower of Babel—that monument of man's folly. There she beheld Homer invading the heathen's Elysium; Euripides, Sophocles, Virgil, Juvenal, etc., dwelling upon all the chords of the human heart that were known to respond to the invocation of genius. There she beheld the eloquent Cicero immortalizing

tuitous, but governed by laws ; hence the mere name of Egypt suggests the Nile, the pyramids, the follies and misfortunes of Cleopatra ; the mention of Greece recalls the 'Hill of Mars,' the 'Vale of Tempe,' and the 'olive-shades of Academus ;' the American Revolution immediately brings recollections of Washington, Franklin, and their associates—all this is due to my respective powers. When my hands sweep the golden strings of the mind a symphony of a mighty past is heard. If Scotland's plaided soldier finds pleasure in his bagpipe, as he chants his slogan of victory ; if the son of the mountainland, Tell, yet disdains the cap of Gessler, as he winds through his mellow horn with patriotic pride his 'Rang-des-vaches ;' if the thistle of Caledonia is revered as it waves upon the verge of Ben Lomond or casts its shadows on the Clyde ; if the red cross of St. George has its staff over the Palace of St. James upheld by the British Lion ; if the Ottoman bows before the crescent with an Eastern devotion as it floats over the Bosphorus and around the Golden Horn ; if the young eagles are fledged under the fleur-de-lis,—it is because of Association.

“‘ Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
The thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain ;
Awake but one, and lo ! what myriads rise !
Each stamps its image as the other flies.’ ”

ing and pleasant, because the power of reminiscence slumbers but does not die.

“ ‘ Each fainter trace that memory holds,
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all that was again appears.’ ”

LA PENSIEROSA VISITS THE PROVINCE OF JUDGMENT.

“ Knowledge is the treasure, but Judgment the treasurer of a wise man.”—WILLIAM PENN.

The golden words of Memory had scarcely ceased reverberating when La Pensierosa was ushered into the Province of Judgment.

Very fair was the landscape presented to view. Fields of golden grain ; beech woods ; softly undulating hills ; fertile valleys ; a sea of shining silver in the far distance—all contributed to enhance the scene. Judgment appeared : tall, commanding, with a face fitter to be carved in marble than limned on canvas ; yet affable and winning withal.

“ You have come to my dominion,” said this grave Ruler, “ to gain more perfect knowledge than Simple Apprehension can give you ; but no power of mine will be of any avail without facts upon which your decisions may be formed. Occasionally we behold some gigantic warrior, careless of discipline, untutored in tactics, and despising evolutions, rush boldly

their motto, they fail to acknowledge the First Great Cause, the only Originator of creation. Like Archimedes, who only required a lever and fulcrum to raise the earth, and finished by leaving the earth in its place for want of either, so these poor laborers leave their problem as formidable as they found it. They would fain rob man of the glorious distinction which was imprinted on his soul the day of his creation; they would naturalize him by making him spring from the sea, through the lineage of polyps, oysters, insects, reptiles, birds, etc. Botany, chemistry, and all the natural sciences are of service in the analysis of soils, the rotation of crops, and the application of mechanical laws. But mental science has, in such application, no such practical results; its dwelling-place and sphere of action lie far removed from the ordinary observation of mankind. It has no splendid cabinets or museums to throw open to the gaze of the multitude. It cannot illustrate by curious instruments or nice experiments the wonderful laws of association, the subtile changes and the swift flashes of wit and fancy, the impulse of desire, the curious play of volition, the unexplained mystery of thought, the lights and shadows that come and go upon the field of consciousness. Nor are there yet brilliant discoveries to be made, or splendid rewards to be gained, by the votaries of this science. Four or five new metals have been discovered, says

answered : " Because it is transparent ;" and when asked why it is transparent, answered : " Because we can see through it." Again, some of them, unwilling to be thought ignorant, always assigned false causes for everything. One of them by reasoning thus, " Labor overcomes all things. What man has done, man can do ; therefore you can write dramas equal to Shakespeare's," caused a poor boy to ruin his health by his efforts to equal the Bard of Avon. To a person who defines common salt to be chloride of sodium, they would say : " Some salt is not some chloride of sodium, because the common salt in this saltcellar is not the chloride of sodium in that." A judgment of this kind is spurious upon two grounds : it denies nothing, and it decides nothing. They all talked much of " *Aura Popularis*," the popular breeze they were creating.

La Pensierosa began to suspect that they were vain pretenders ; and knowing that " ignorance is a blank sheet upon which one may write, whilst error is a scribbled one, impossible to erase," she determined to leave lest she be entangled in a web of their sophistry. But she had scarcely left the palace when she encountered an army headed by a general named " Doubt." He had a double face, one forward looking and the other backward bent. She was in a dilemma. Afraid to advance, afraid to recede, she stood in an agony of suspense. But,

in unscrupulous and ambitious dealings. Her subjects reason as follows: 'A good teacher thoroughly understands her subject ; Lady Sophism understands her subject ; Therefore Lady Sophism is a good teacher.' They forget that the middle term is falsely distributed."

Lady Syllogism then exposed in a concise but luminous manner the weakness of language stated in loose and figurative words. The chief subordinates of Lady Syllogism are Sorites, whose discourse consists of a series of propositions so arranged that the predicate of each preceding proposition forms the subject of that which follows, and so on till the last concluding proposition, which unites its predicate to the subject of the first ; Enthymeme, whose arguments consist of but one premise and a conclusion, the other being suppressed as too obvious to need insertion ; Epichereima, who explains each proposition ; and Dilemma, of whom every one is afraid.

La Pensierosa was then introduced to the Sovereign Reason, who gave her the following information: " Language has already told you that the correct use of words is indispensably necessary to correct reasoning. By frequently examining the judgments and conclusions, and comparing them with those rules of procedure which lead to certain results, persons insensibly acquire the habit of conducting their intellectual processes with accuracy ; and they also

straction. Fancy, whose harmonious breath had hushed the suspended soul, did not vanish on that account, but rather assumed a fresh aspect and a new life. Sad and gloomy as was the scene, there was a sweet music in the voice of the rude winds as they waved the boughs of the trees and deprived them of their last vestige of verdure.

La Pensierosa was not discouraged; she had learned long before that in life smooth places roughen and tame places become wild; and above all, she did not seek pleasure nor beauty in the Region of Abstraction. But she was bewildered, a heavy mist clouded her view. Surrounded by sights and sounds of a material world, it is difficult to disentangle ourselves from the impressions earth makes upon us. We are forced, as it were, to measure things by others which we do not understand.

Abstraction is, at first, a word to us—nothing more. If we speak of it in common language we convey false ideas; if we use high-sounding epithets and deal in superlatives a sense of unreality comes upon our hearers. Time alone enables us to realize an abstraction. It is easy, therefore, to understand La Pensierosa's feelings as she entered this new country. Everything was strange, everything mysterious; but she travelled on, till she arrived at the leading edifice, where she was introduced to Lady Abstraction, the most ethereal creature she

cause of the exclusive enthusiasm with which they are dwelt upon, and the breath of responsible life which is consumed. And in these many worlds, while one philosopher lays stress on the concrete individualities, another esteems only abstract types.

But we must return to La Pensierosa and Lady Abstraction, who are now in familiar conversation. "While you are travelling through my country," said the ruler of this region to the tourist, "you must not seize upon everything at once, but take one part or quantity and examine it closely; then you will find the mists dispersing, the clouds breaking. Many consider abstractions as cold and passionless. Despising the measuring and calculating, they seek a royal road to Geometry. Roots and squares, lines and angles and curves, color and form and motion float before them in a mazy dance, which, instead of enlightening, confuses and disturbs the intellect. They gaze with admiration upon the phenomena of light with its brilliant iridescence, but it is only Lady Abstraction who can tell them that every hue is caused by a different angle or refraction. They are charmed with the shining host moving in solemn procession through the halls of the sky, but it is only Abstraction who will teach them facts concerning parallaxes, anomalies, and precessions of conic sections. And here let me remark that it is not within the power of man to frame a

fluidity; flowers without fragrance; life without power? Indeed, Abstraction gives

“ ‘ The limpid and sparkling sheen
That appears to our rapturous vision
Like unto a fairy scene.’ ”

As they proceeded La Pensierosa remarked: “ We must make haste, as time is passing.” “ Time!” said Abstraction. “ What is time? Some say it is but a hand’s breadth, a vapor in the air, and a short-lived, fading flower; but, philosophically, it is duration, which means something to endure.” At this juncture showers of golden fire, crowded with lightning, sped through the realms of space. It was a scene that looked to be one of the wild, terrific power of ruin rather than creation, only that on closer examination there was such order, such harmony, that it was amazing to behold. It was all so ponderous yet all so light, so multiplied yet so simple, that La Pensierosa was awe-stricken, and, turning to Lady Abstraction, said: “ Tell me, please, where do all those orbs find room?” “ In space,” answered the Lady, “ which, boundless as it is, belongs to my dominions; space is an infinite extension, the room for the universe. By the rational mind it is apprehended as a reality, independent and absolute; were all bodies swept from existence there would still be space; it would

it grow, so the advances you have made in knowledge, consisting of an insensible accumulation, can only be measured by your new views upon the various subjects in life. You have seen how abstractions

“ ‘ Mount to man's imperial race,’

and yet

“ ‘ No body can at once two forms admit
Except the one the other do efface ;
But in the mind ten thousand forms do sit,
And none intrude into her neighbor's place.
All things received do such proportions take
As those things wherein they are received ;
So little glasses little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weaved.’ ”

La Pensierosa now began to realize that she had been constantly calculating time without being able to define it, existing in space without comprehending it. New ideas dawned upon her, new aspirations filled her soul ; yet she was surrounded by an inexhaustible profusion of beauty and sweetness, and it was a marvel to her how everything in the past had assumed so dull an aspect, while now, having found but deeper mysteries and higher truths, everything seemed clear and distinct ; for she now saw the divine impress of an Almighty's hand in everything, from the tiny flower to the sublimest

ment, he beckoned her to follow. "Who art thou?" cried La Pensierosa, "and whither wouldst thou lead me?" "I am the patron of Philosophy, the lover of all pure souls who seek the Truth; and I have come myself to guide you through this intricate realm, to point out to you its hidden beauties and guard you against the many snares and pitfalls lying in your path." "Ah, now I know thee! and I most humbly and willingly follow; for though Plato is my friend, Socrates my friend, Truth is still more my friend."

As they proceeded on their way La Pensierosa listened with profound attention while her guide discoursed upon the points of greatest interest. So enchanted was she with the beauty of his language, the clearness and depth of his ideas, that when he called her attention to the fact, she was surprised to find herself standing on an elevated plane surrounded by a vast and varied landscape, a picture of supernatural loveliness, over which fell the shimmering gold of the sunlight like God's benediction. She turned a questioning look upon her guide, who answered: "You see before you the world of human knowledge, through which you have passed. When a person enters the Domain of Science everything is mystery. He advances, guided by the words of his master; he hears more than he sees; he registers the data which are furnished him in good faith. In-

sierosa to exclaim : " A moment ago, whilst contemplating the edifice of human knowledge, I grew proud of its colossal dimensions, bold constructions, and beautiful forms ; but now that we have entered the very foundations seem to be subtilized, the superb structure appears to be floating in air. I seem to be treading a region far removed from earth, so ethereal is everything on which I gaze."

But on she went with her angelic guide, traversing the empire, learning its character by studying the method of its government, and judging of its magnificence by the splendor of its dominion. On the unfolding of its chronicles she discovered her own place in creation. Her guide, congratulating her on this inestimable discovery, added : " Whatever tends to raise the mind to lofty contemplation contributes to its aggrandizement by reminding it of its noble origin and high destiny. It is only intellect that can examine itself. The stone falls, but knows not that it falls ; the flower blooms, unconscious of its beauty and fragrance ; the brute follows its instincts but asks not the reason. Man alone harbors a spirit which, after examining the external world, can enter itself, as a sanctuary, and become its own oracle."

The scenery was now beginning to change. The atmosphere became clearer and clearer as they neared the Palace of Certainty. *La Pensierosa* found

help and guidance on the spirit of God, but on the laws of nature; so they take refuge from the abhorred aspect of the naked truth in a cloud of rose-colored poetical phrases, which, if they mean anything, mean pantheism.

“ Now glance at that elevated height yonder, and you will behold a most dangerous sect, whose advocates refuse everything transcending reason. They make reason their god, and decline to accept anything higher than their own intellects; and men who would shrink from being called atheists or infidels are proud of the title rationalists. Near by is a broad plain inhabited by an immense number of men so lost in the maze of matter that they refuse to admit the existence of any higher principle. They are termed materialists; and one objection they bring forward against the spirituality of the soul is, that mind appears to grow and decay with the body. If the body be young and weak, or old and worn, the operations of the soul will be imperfect. Deprive Raphael of brush and canvas, or Shakespeare of pen and paper, and how could the wonderful genius have acted ! The same is true of the soul in the body.

““ These imperfections, then, we must impute,
Not to the agent, but to the instrument.”

The mountains of primeval build, which break
 In picturesque ravines and yawning clefts,
 Where cascades fall in snowy foam far down ;
 The massive forest, dense and dark and deep.
 And mighty ocean in its dread expanse,
 And myriad gems that fill the mount and sea
 In perfect form and iridescence bright ;
 The gliding fish with hues of shade and sun
 Beneath the crystal waters sporting free ;
 The graceful birds with all their thousand tints ;
 The insect small and mammoth beast of field ;
 And seasons in their bright successive turns,
 With blooms of fruit and fields of golden grain ;
 And sun and moon and million heavenly orbs,
 All moving in a boundless, pathless space,—
 Proclaim in loudest terms that symmetry,
 Proportion, and perfection are in all ;
 That every bloom and every ray of light,
 That every drop of dew, and flake of snow,
 That cloud and rain and hail and ether light,
 In language eloquent assert the truth
 Of perfect order and design in all.
 La Pensierosa gazed with gladdened eyes,
 Then walked in silence, musing thoughtfully
 On all the wonders of the universe.
 “ Would that I knew more of those countless worlds !
 But vain to undertake deciphering them.
 Imagination stoops far down beneath
 Their giddy summits, nor will e'en attempt
 To scale such lofty cliffs of golden fire ;
 And even Reason falters on the brink
 Of that great ocean of immensity.”
 Our tourist then, beneath the evening skies,
 Remained in silent contemplation, till
 Aurora, wakened by the circling hours,

But do not understand that idleness
Within the intellect is best, for it
Is exercise that makes it fresh and strong.
Man's powers are great, originally great :
Exert them now, call all their vigor out ;
Let Reason, Judgment send conjectures forth ;
Let Fancy fly and scale her lofty heights
To analyze and reconstruct the one
Unceasing order of all things. Time's work
Is ever interesting, ever new,
The product ever fresh, original.
The man who comprehends the order of
All nature, and is never doubting the
Immutability of laws divine,
Must of necessity bring his own thoughts,
In some degree, into accordance with
That order, and submit to all its laws.
God gave to man an intellect, a heart,
And will. The character is different :
It is that higher, intellectual,
And moral texture into which he has
His whole life long been weaving threads of acts,
The shuttle ever flying back and forth
Inside the great machine-shop of the heart ;
But 'tis the will that throws it to and fro,
And if this power consent to falsity
The character disorderly appears.
The mental and the moral nature then
Both lose their primitive or normal shape.
But beautiful are all the powers of man
Attuned to Truth's intrinsic harmony.
Then deeds of courage, patience, justice, love,
And all the heavenly virtues which adorn
And perfect human nature here below
In happy unison would all combine

practice ; no jarring or discordant sounds are heard to issue from the various spheres of well-regulated action." But as she was thus congratulating herself Pleasure warbled a song of invitation, Ambition beckoned from her golden summit, Fashion, Frivolity, and Indolence endeavored to entice.

La Pensierosa paused, apparently on the point of yielding ; but Right, a firm and earnest creature, whispered the warning word : "*Fallentis semita vitæ*" —The deceitful path of life. Then, turning from the danger, she was ushered into the presence of Duty, a stately personage, whose keen eyes seemed to read her very thoughts, but who, laying aside her characteristic gravity, received our tourist in a most affable manner. After congratulating her on having escaped the allurements of Pleasure, she spoke as follows :

"It is in the heart of man to yield to Pleasure or to grasp at Power. You have been warned against the former ; I shall therefore speak of the latter. Man is instinctively impelled towards an object capable of satisfying his insatiable desires. With this disposition he turns to Dominion. But the earth and the sea, and all that in them dwells, have not been able to fill the measure of his ambition. Alexander, who followed the gilded meteor of conquest through all the domain of the East, and then paused upon the Indus to weep because the limits of the

the rights and duties by which the members of universal society are, by the law of nature, under obligation to God, to themselves, and one another. This power, when applied to self, is termed Conscience, and is not merely discriminating, but also impulsive.

“If we reflect upon the feelings consequent upon any moral action, we shall find that we are always conscious of a sentiment of self-degradation when we disobey this monitor, and of true happiness when we obey it. From this we see that man is created with moral and intellectual powers capable of progressive improvement. He has the noble prerogative of determining his own acts; of not only tracing his powers, but guiding and impelling them; of not only watching his passions, but of controlling them.

“He can fix his eyes on perfection, and make almost everything speed him towards it. And here let it be remarked, that as no human eye can trace with absolute precision the lines which really divide the colors of the rainbow, so no human power can apply a gauge to the growth of moral perfection, if it be cherished faithfully. Each has his Conscience, each his Reason, Will, and Understanding for himself to search. To choose, reject, believe, consider, act—this is a glorious but fearful endowment, as it is the ground of human responsibility. When we come to the study of self and the laws of our own

now realizes fully that life has a meaning in it, and that the soul has a destiny. She has ever been seeking knowledge without a cloud, power without weakness, enjoyment without suffering—the three elements of that Fountain of Happiness into which the human heart longs to plunge itself. But she has now learned that Happiness has no localities, no tones provincial, no peculiar garb. Where Duty goes, she goes; with Justice goes, with Meekness, Charity, and Love.

LA PENSIEROSA VISITS THE SHRINE OF FAITH.

Spring had entoned the last bars of her idyl; she had struck clear emerald notes from the tips of the trees, and drawn sweet musical chords from the shrubs and the flowers as La Pensierosa completed her tour. The golden rays of the brilliant orb peering above the horizon turned the pearly dewdrops into diamonds, whilst the little birds were tuning their lutes to join in the grand concert that was to usher in the dawn of day—a bright, beautiful day. Nature's fairest scenes were there. We can sit for hours looking upon a running stream. It seems to afford occupation and repose. The uninterrupted sameness fills us with tranquillity, whilst the uninterrupted flow gratifies our sense of life. We feel that we are thinking; yet we are hardly conscious of our thoughts.

positive knowledge; from the depths of consciousness comes the certain proof that beyond all the array of phenomena there are regions of supernal power. Through every age and civilization this idea has run like a thread of gold. Here, where neither Philosophy nor Science can ever go without gauge or scalpel, lies the distinctive region in which you can find rest. Faith alone can satisfy you. Philosophic knowledge is a most fruitful source of progress; but it must have a firm axis around which it may revolve.

“Let the man who boasts of his reason cast a glance upon the treasure of his knowledge. Let him separate that which he owes to the light of evidence, to the labor of reflection, to his own researches; and he will agree with Seneca that the portion obtained by Faith is incontestably the largest and the richest. You will be surprised at the multitude of learned men of every age and nation that you will find in the unity of Faith. These men studied everything, disputed on everything, replied to everything, yet always bowed their noble intellectual brows in respectful obedience to Faith. In the grandest of kingdoms there is a happy blending of all ranks and ages and nations. Here the rich arbiter of magisterial law humbly bends in earnest appeal, and the poor mendicant bares his pale brow and stands without a blush in that Presence to which

guide among the whirlwinds of the mighty deep? Faith is the mariner's compass on a greater deep—the wild, rolling, beating ocean of humanity—pointing amid sunny calms or gentle winds or raging gales unerringly to the polar star of Christ, guiding, age after age, the precious freight of immortal souls to the harbor of unending joy.

“Man was made for Faith, and he can be happy only by its possession. Verily, then, it is the grandest thing in the universe. It is the gathering up and striking of ten thousand chords which bind the creature to the Creator, making the harmony of the world's worship. Instinct feels it, reason proves it; and the heart, if it be upright, rejoices that it is so. It is the life of societies, the support of states, the foundation of families, the essential condition of the human heart. Imagination can scarcely picture to itself a life without trouble or distrust, without a past to excite regrets, a present to harass with perplexities, a future all dim and misty in its uncertainties; yet such is the life of all who live under the benign influence of Faith.” “But where does Faith reside?” said *La Penserosa*. “Everywhere,” said Truth; “she is found in the vale, she illuminates the mountains, she mingles in the crowds of cities, she has a temple in every heart that owns her influence, and to him desiring her she is ever present.” “Oh, that I might see her!” was the exclamation

THE DANGERS OF "A LITTLE LEARNING" IN THE VAST DOMAIN OF PHILOSOPHY.

The philosophic lore of all ages is our inheritance. Each outgoing century has left its deposit of thought, as the ebbing tide leaves shells on the sea-shore, and we have not been spendthrifts. Our century is already an octogenarian, but its eighty-three years have not been spent in vain. Its whitening locks are thick with honors; its children have encircled its brow with an aureole of scientific glory. Modern thought has acquired a prestige,—of this there is little doubt. The Philosophic Quaternian has been multiplied and remultiplied, until its schools are now legion. But error and truth are strangely commingled. Error is constantly changing, truth remains the same; but as long as error is mixed with truth there is little, if any, hope of victory. When the mind becomes accustomed to imperfect forms of thought it is liable to be loose in its logic. Hence arises mental slovenliness, if we may so express ourselves. Bacon has said: "A little philosophy takes one away from truth; but a greater philosophy brings him back to it again." It is this "greater philosophy" that our age needs. We have sturdy and indefatigable work-

with God, the Sovereign Good. He compares the soul to a chariot drawn by a pair of winged steeds, one of which is well trained, the other quite the contrary. The well-trained steed, the Will, is obedient to the rein, and tries to draw its wilder yoke-fellow, the Appetite, along with it, and to induce it to listen to the voice of the charioteer, Reason. In this allegory it is shown that the object of Reason in exacting obedience is not merely the discipline and subordination which constitute the virtues of man, but to keep the mind in a state to rise to the contemplation and enjoyment of great and eternal truth. In other words, a man must be in a moral state before he can place himself in a religious state; that is, he must possess a certain degree of knowledge in order to understand the principles of morality, and thereby be able to distinguish good from evil. Knowledge is not complete until united with religion; for as everything is referred to God, as its first and efficient Cause, it is evident that if a man do not know God he must stop at the proximate causes, and his knowledge must necessarily float in space without foundation. Much genuine learning is requisite to detect the fallacies lying concealed in many of the prevailing systems of the time. An opinion, even a correct one, however firmly held, may be changed. Objections may be advanced which, if our knowledge be superficial, we may be

this argument: "A thing cannot move except either where it is, or where it is not. It cannot move where it is, because if it do it must both remain where it is and not remain—which is a contradiction. It cannot move where it is not, because it cannot cease to remain where it has not already begun to remain. Therefore, it cannot move any place—and motion is an impossibility." But one day the poor philosopher, losing his equilibrium, fell and dislocated his shoulder. The doctor who had been called in, looking calmly at the philosopher, leisurely questioned him about the accident. The sufferer, forgetful of his theory, fully stated the circumstances of his fall; but the physician, after quietly listening to the case, said it was impossible, since he himself had demonstrated that motion is an absurdity. We can imagine the chagrin of the philosopher and the amusement of the bystanders.

The confused and contradictory opinions of public teachers of philosophy and religion, the political and social unsettledness of the times, and the perplexing utterances whose very murmur fills the air with all sorts of scientific nonsense, have bewildered the heads of many. Our modern doubting, unbelieving people, under a partial hallucination, seem to have convinced themselves that the real world and life are no more than an illusive vision of a sleeper. But none so

and principles on which its consent is required. The known is expected to be accounted for, and if it cannot be rationally explained it is depreciated and discredited. As soon as disquisition takes the place of acquiescence, and we prefer to require rather than venerate, the thoughts will not be restrained from doubt and discussion. It is often because we do not sufficiently know the subject that we most keenly dispute about it. Numerous difficulties arise before an active mind on every point on which its information is slender. Hence the danger of "a little learning." Many in endeavoring to refute one error fall into another, and their arguments may all be retorted. The superficial are commonly the most pugnacious.

Philosophy is just now grappling with the greatest of all questions, and philosophers find themselves face to face with the most momentous of all problems—the solemn problem of man's destiny. What is man's place in nature? What is man's relation to the world in which he lives? What is his real duty in the universe of which he forms a part? This is the last word of human learning, the crown of all man's discoveries, the keystone of the arch of truth, the Ultima Thule of all man's hopes and longings, the "pearl of great price." This was the burden of the daily question, "What is man?" asked by the sophists; the ultimate aim of all the musings of

These invitations were received with delight by the old pupils, and every mail brought letters of acceptance and regrets, but in each case the same spirit prevailed—love for their Alma Mater and a desire to make the Jubilee a success. Nor was the enthusiasm confined to old pupils only: many letters of congratulation, often accompanied with handsome donations, were received from true friends of the Institute. Among these the Right Reverend and Reverend Clergy held a conspicuous place. The various schools under the direction of the Sisters of Providence, and the Sodalities under their charge, sent their good wishes in the form of congratulatory poems, accompanied in many cases with a Jubilee offering. The elaborate and exquisite forms chosen by the poets in which to present their congratulations, the kindly interest and devoted attachment they breathed, the poetic conceptions, clothed in language so remarkable for purity of diction and power of expression, all combine to make these literary productions worthy of insertion in this volume, but we are forced to give them only a passing notice; however, the good will manifested in these valued tributes of affection will live forever in the grateful memories of the Sisters of Providence, in whose archives these treasured poems will be recorded to serve as a stimulus to exertion and an emulation to those who will celebrate the Cen-

ennial. It was interesting and consoling to read the numerous letters received from widely separated localities, some from honored and distinguished ecclesiastics, some from celebrated authors, and some from the departments of the "tiny folk," who are just learning to wield the pen, but all replete with the same feeling, expressing the same sentiments. If the friends and their wealth of friendly feeling were to be reckoned by the congratulatory letters that every mail brought, then well could it have been foretold that the Jubilee would be a success. As the time neared, hearts beat faster in joyous expectation. On June 20th guests began to arrive, and the evening train brought two coaches of St. Mary's pupils to the reunion of the Children of Mary. It was truly a happy, gladsome meeting. There, after thirty and forty years of separation, met those who had gone forth from their Alma Mater garlanded with the fair buds of promise, bathed in the roseate hues of a glorious future, and who now return with brows furrowed by life's cares, and heads whitened by its sorrows, but with hearts as true and noble, as devotedly attached to teachers and schoolmates, as when, maidens gay, they had gamboled 'mid the haunts of childhood's happy home. The services of a Jesuit Father had been secured, and confessions were heard till a late hour that night. The dynamo flooded Convent and

in sacerdotal robes chanted the solemn service. The little chapel, too, that had been the silent witness of their early aspirations, their youthful resolves, the chapel wherein they had first received the "Bread of Life," was gone. Even the convent, Providence, that had been a beacon light in moments of darkness, it too was no more. Where were those girlhood companions who knelt beside them so oft at the communion rail; where were those chapel companions; where were those who had taught them by example and precept to love and imitate "Mary Immaculate"? In many cases a little green mound had closed over teacher and pupil, and separated loved and cherished friends. Did thoughts come of sorrows they had suffered, hopes blasted, and, perhaps, faults committed, as those dear sodalists felt once more the hallowed influence of the consecrated house so near the spot where in days gone by they had often promised to avoid sin and practise virtue. Only God can fathom the secret recesses of the human heart, and read the emotions that dwell therein; however, it was edifying and comforting to the Sisters to see their dear children returning so reverently and devoutly from the communion-table. At an early hour carriages brought newcomers to the scene of festivity. At 9.30 the Reunion High Mass was begun. Immediately after the Gospel of the day, the eloquent Rev. Eugene Brady, S. J.,

that point out the silent abode of the mortal remains of many sainted ones whose virtues lived again in their memories. Their words of advice were recalled, their good deeds recounted, and it was hard to leave a spot so sacred that breathes of the omnipotence of God and the mortality of man.

Another centre of attraction was the Holy Face Oratory: this, perhaps one of the most elegant and attractive of all the shrines that embellish St. Mary's, is situated in a devotionally secluded corner in the Novitiate building. The small oratory can boast of no pretensions as regards size or the grandeur of its architecture; but the exquisite finish of its interior is forcibly effective and worthy the purpose for which it is designed: namely, a chapel of reparation where prayers are constantly offered deprecating the evil done God by sin, and repairing, as far as human beings can, the horrors of blasphemy and malice of sacrilege.

Praiseworthy is the object, and a certain holiness seems to characterize the very atmosphere of this sacred enclosure, so that it is no matter of surprise that many of the Jubilee guests sought the influence of this holy sanctuary. The walls of this apartment are handsomely papered in alternate panels of gilt and dark crimson. A most elaborately carved altar constitutes the furniture. The central piece, of unique design and delicate finish, is a facsimile copy

and pupils of the Institute. Rev. Father McEvoy, of Terre Haute, was the celebrant ; Rev. Father Ryves, of Terre Haute, deacon ; Rev. Father Riehle, of St. Mary's, sub-deacon ; and Mr. E. H. Kramer, a theological student from St. Viateur's, master of ceremonies. The Mass was solemn and grand. At its conclusion Rev. Eugene Brady, S. J., preached a most pathetic and earnest sermon, taking for his text, "Have mercy on me, at least ye, my friends." Father Brady proved the obligations we are under to pray for the dead, particularly for those to whom we are bound by friendship, kindred, or other social ties. He also paid a fitting tribute to Mother Theodore, Sister St. Francis Xavier, and the other members of the community, the fruit of whose labors the present generation is still enjoying. The sermon was affecting, and must have been productive of much good.

At 10 A.M. the Indianapolis train brought St. Mary's most distinguished guest, the Rt. Rev. F. S. Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Vincennes, which gave a new impetus to the enthusiasm. No social gathering of note in these parts, affecting the cause of education or the good of the country, but he is the welcomed guest. Not only because he is the head of the church in this locality, but because of his estimable qualities, is he so revered by all classes as an honor to our State. While quondam pupils were again happy to see "Father Bishop," as his children love to

Perhaps the most attractive feature of the lengthy and varied program was the Reunion march suggested by Mrs. Hibbard (Maud Beatty) of the class of '69. It has always been a custom in the school, for the pupils to march ten minutes each evening at the opening of recreation, singing a simple, childlike refrain. All the old pupils of the institution marched into the spacious church that is in process of completion, and which was used for the Commencement exercises, across the stage to their respective places, filling the vast edifice all the while with the sweet strains of their old-time ditty. There was something peculiarly affecting and singularly elegant in this number of the program.

To see elderly ladies "who," as one of them remarked in her essay, "have climbed the mountaintops of life and are now descending the western slope," marching with the simplicity of childhood, elicited the admiration of all present, and reflected great honor on the training that produces so admirable results.

The march being over, those taking part in the entertainment took their places on the stage, and Mrs. W. Gunn Mitchell, of '72, stepped forward and read the Salutatory "Golden Jubilee." Mrs. Mitchell said that jubilees are as ancient as man himself, hence she remarked: The dignity of the day we celebrate as the Golden Jubilee of St. Mary's of the

dience during the recital of her unique oration. The sincere attachment to Alma Mater, and the devoted interest in Christian education with which her oration teemed, was surpassed, if possible, by her felicity of expression and the appropriate ornaments in which this gifted writer clothes her ideas. Her mode of delivery, too, was decidedly tasteful, and added much to the oration.

Mrs. Pilard Thomas stepped to the front of the stage amid the plaudits of the audience, that indicated the universal verdict of praise passed on her soul-stirring and highly cultivated voice. The solo selected was peculiarly adapted to bring out all the beauties of a voice rich in varied characteristics of excellence, and was sung with feeling and effect.

Mrs. Thomas being seated, Mrs. Goodwin read her essay,—a sparkling little gem, full of reminiscence and kind feeling. Mrs. Goodwin has a clear and agreeable voice. Her style of reading being particularly pleasing, her articulation distinct, and enunciation excellent, added a charm of a special kind to her paper. A vocal solo by Miss Wade, which was much admired, was followed by "Zampa," an instrumental quartette played by Misses C. Reis, M. Trentman, C. Davis, and Mrs. Winstanley. The execution was worthy the finest players that St. Mary's sends forth, and the spacious hall was flooded with great waves of harmonious melody.

soft step, and sweet voice of loving Sisters who soothed away headaches caused by tedious study, by caressing our aching brows until dreamless, peaceful sleep gave us rest and health again! Ah! the whole world never brought such nursing again! Such love, such patience, such devotion is born of Christian love!" Even these few extracts from Mrs. Tinkham's fine essay contradict the assertion so frequently made, that higher education renders woman unfeeling, thus destroying the noblest attribute of her nature.

Mrs. Miner Raleigh chose for her theme, "Are St. Mary's Girls a Success." By careful and logical reasoning, Mrs. Raleigh proved that convent girls are a success, and are numbered among the greatest women of the ages. "The old St. Mary's girls are found in the front rank of whatever they undertake, whether it be in public, or in the interchange of the small, sweet courtesies of life."

Mrs. Williams Tichenor sang with marked effect the familiar, but never trite, "Harp that Once through Tara's Halls." Mrs. Tichenor's voice is remarkable for culture and a rare blending of sweetness and richness that makes her singing charmingly delightful, as the storm of applause at the conclusion testified. The harp accompaniment by Miss C. Tooley, was also highly praised.

The last and most lengthy paper of the program

was of a high order of excellence; the essays bespoke scholarly attainments, womanly tenderness, delicacy of sentiment, correctness of taste, and a strength of character that redound to the honor of an institution that does not eliminate God or Christian morality from its system of education, but, on the contrary, makes them the basis of its curriculum. A striking evidence of the excellence of the training of the Sisters of Providence is that the 'fruit remains.' Many of the ladies who read papers left school early in the '50's, yet their prettily worded essays, smooth and flowing periods, easy and graceful delivery, simple and elegant manners, might well do honor to a polished class just laying aside their rhetoric and elocution."

Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock, the Commencement exercises given by the pupils of '91 took place. The following program will indicate that the exquisite and classic taste of the faculty of St. Mary's never deteriorates.

A. M. D. G.

FIFTIETH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, ST. MARY'S ACADEMIC INSTITUTE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1891.

PROGRAM.

Salutatory		Miss E. Hughes.
Chorus	. . .	"Hark! the Jubilee Bells are Ringing."
Accompanists:	Pianos—Misses F. Spencer, L. Runge.	
	Seraphine—Miss L. Thompson.	
	Organ—Miss L. Hurley.	

- Organ—Miss A. Reaume.
 Harps—Misses Ragor and Clune.
 Concerto Op. 16 De Beriot.
 Seraphine—Miss O'Donnell.
 Piano—Miss J. O'Donald.
 "The Angel's Record," Tribute to Mother Theodore, our
 Beloved Foundress.
 Misses F. Spencer, M. Gagen, B. Piatt, L. Thompson, S.
 Bingham, and B. O'Donnell.
 Overture, Masaniello Auber.
 Pianos—Misses Ragor, Dittemore, Clune, L. Thompson,
 A. Reaume, B. O'Donnell, L. Hurley, L. Runge.
 Seraphine—Miss O'Donnell.
 Organ—Miss D. Boucher.
 Essay, "Faith Unto Reason Gives the Light to Guide us in
 the Way of Knowledge and Virtue."
 Miss O'Donnell.
 Chorus, "Te Deum," Lambillotte.
 Accompanists: Pianos—Misses L. Thompson, F. Spencer.
 Seraphine—Miss B. O'Donnell.
 Organ—Miss L. Runge.
 Harps—Misses Ragor and Clune.

AWARDING OF GOLD MEDALS AND CROWNS.

Honors Graduate.

Diplomas and laureate wreaths conferred on Miss Clune,
 Miss O'Donnell, Miss Gobin, Miss Ragor, Miss Dittemore,
 Miss Breen.

Those who have read the essays of St. Mary's
 graduates that have found their way into this vol-
 ume have a good idea of the merit of the literary
 productions, both prose and verse, that are given the
 public on Commencement days at St. Mary's. The

And passing by a lowly mound, where for thirty years and
more

The grass has grown, we read the name of Mother Theodore.
No costly works of sculptor's art in splendor o'er her rise,
No storied marble tells the world of noble sacrifice ;
A cross, in silent eloquence, by far can better tell
The sweet life-story of the one who bore it nobly, well.
'Tis written above, where time can ne'er its characters efface
'Tis written here, at every glance its golden lines we trace.
Just fifty years have passed away, and from the lonely glade
Where 'round her first the Autumn leaves their golden
cov'ring laid,

Arise these sacred convent walls, and, glowing in the sun,
A temple, where will soon repose the high and holy One.
And not alone these towers rise, her glory to proclaim,
But work far more enduring perpetuates her name.
The tiny seeds of faith she sowed along the desert way
Are yielding up their "hundredfold" of golden fruit to-day.
These works her zeal and love proclaim, and aye forever-
more

Will live the name we all revere. dear Mother Theodore.
And we know that though she resteth here her spirit sleep-
eth not,
But o'er her children watcheth still,—“*Cor meum vigilat.*”

“The program,” says the Indianapolis “Record,”
“was worthy of the Golden Jubilee. The musical
selections were standard, and manifested a predilec-
tion for the classic, and the execution was effective
and excellent. The choruses were magnificent; the
accompaniments on piano, organ, harp, seraphine,
and violoncello were exquisite. The essays were
rich in philosophical and literary merit.”

Miss O'Donnell's essay being finished, Hon. D. Turpie, the Indiana Senator, delivered the oration of the day, taking for his theme, "Influence of Education in the Formation of Correct Taste."

In his eloquent discourse the Senator dwelt on the various applications of the term "taste," and the effect of education in forming a taste that is correct and delicate. When referring to the term when used to express a suitable demeanor, a certain readiness to appreciate a situation with all its conditions, which determines at the moment the best and most delicate and proper mode of action, the honorable speaker said: "It is very gratifying to the friends and patrons of this institution that from its very origin department has formed one of the principal studies in its course.

"Studies, I say, because our personal demeanor ought to be the subject of most serious study and attention.

"To be prepared to decide and to do that which is at all times proper and most fitting is one of the principal objects of all education, and especially of the training of that sex which we have so much reason to regard as the arbiter of just taste and elegant decorum."

In speaking of taste as regards dress, the Senator remarked: "Fashion is another effect of taste—doubtless too often of a false taste. It purports to

establish a model, an ensample of ornament and apparel such as the best fancy from year to year may approve. Now, whatever be thought of the thing itself, this pretension is a high one. . . . Let us be well persuaded that no daughter of St. Mary's leaving the halls of this pleasing Alma Mater will, in the matter of adornment, forget the style in favor here.

"She may look at and purchase wares from among the very brilliant display of modern *bijouterie*; she may admire the choicest sets and caskets of Duhme or Tiffany; but whatever else may be looked at or examined, let her remember that Master of Antique, that elegant and polished Artificer—who long ago worked at Rome, at Joppa, at Jerusalem. His gems and jewels, very precious, are yet to be found; they are still worn—above all, that lovely coronet, 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.'" The Senator then spoke at length on the higher meaning of the term "taste," which denotes the faculty of discerning the beauty and sublimity, symmetry, and proportion, that exist in the master-works of literature and art, clearly demonstrating the effect of well-systematized education in developing, and in a measure perfecting, this faculty of the human mind; after which he referred in a most complimentary manner to the share the Sisters take in forming and disseminating the elements of cor-

for excellence of deportment and a certain percentage in Christian doctrine. After the conferring of diplomas, the Right Reverend Bishop made a few appropriate remarks, delivered in his own happy style, in which he congratulated the Sisters, friends, patrons, and pupils of the institution on the great good accomplished during the last half-century. The right reverend speaker complimented the pupils, past and present, saying: "I thought yesterday the present generation would have to strive for their laurels; but I am glad to confer these laurel wreaths to-day, for they have been honorably won." Lambillotte's grand *Te Deum* was a fitting close to so excellent a program. It was 1.30 when the multitude began to issue in veritable streams of human beings from the vast edifice, wherein there had not been standing-room during four hours.

The Sisters had planned a reunion dinner to be a leading feature of Wednesday's programme. All old pupils were requested to register, and each received a ticket of admission to the spacious dining-hall. It certainly was one of the most enjoyable of the jubilee festivities, and the ladies partook with a relish of the intellectual banquet that interchange of thought among the scholarly and cultured ever affords.

The Indianapolis "Record" very truthfully remarked: "The rainbow tints from clusters of diamonds that were fastened on swan-like throats and

every effort to disprove the doctrines of Holy Church,—how consoling to know that the leader of all Christian peoples is the one whose knowledge is so far-seeing, whose wisdom is so penetrating that he can solve the perplexing questions of the age! The intellectual giant occupying the most exalted position on earth, the guiding-star of all Christian nations, the teacher of all mankind, is the brilliant star of the Pecci shedding a radiance over the entire earth, a light to even the most benighted of Christ's flock. And His were the hands that were raised in benediction over the Sisters of Providence, blessing their work and asking God's blessing to descend on their efforts. Tearfully and gratefully did the Sisters receive this benediction. The Jubilee has passed; another cycle has been begun; the sorrows, the annoyances, the contradictions that fall to those whose work is to teach the young, to mould their characters, and make them true Christians, will be experienced in the future as in the past: but there will ever be a strength, an unspeakable courage, found in recalling the fact that all the works of the Sisters of Providence have been blessed by His Holiness, the great Pontiff, Leo XII).

1869.

Miss Frances R. Howe.....Chicago, Ill.
 Miss Eldora Miner.....Newburg, Ind.
 Miss Anna Beatty.....Cardington, Ohio.
 Miss Medora Eberwine.....Terre Haute, Ind.
 Miss Sarah BallLafayette, Ind.

1870.

Miss Orlena Jones.....Tuscola, Ill.
 Miss Emma Johnston.....Charleston, Ill.

1871.

Miss Olivia Gardner.....Champaign, Ill.
 Miss Anna Holloway.....Shelbyville, Ill.

1872.

Miss Graigie Gunn.....Bedford, Ind.
 Miss Julia HickcoxTerre Haute, Ind.
 Miss Clotilde PilardVincennes, Ind.
 Miss Alice Baugh.....Centralia, Ill.
 Miss Emma Bell.....Terre Haute, Ind.
 Miss Anna Jordan.....Chicago, Ill.

1873.

Miss Nona Ryan.....Indianapolis, Ind.
 Miss Edith Newcomb.....Whitewater, Wis.

1874.

Miss Estelle Jordan.....Chicago, Ill.

1875.

Miss Fannie Sherin.....Lafayette, Ind.
 Miss Ida JewettJeffersonville, Ind.

1876.

Miss Anna McSheffry.....Champaign, Ill.
 Miss Mary O'Kane.....Champaign, Ill.

1877.

Miss Fannie Brand.....Lexington, Ky.
 Miss Mary Doherty.....Madison, Ind.

286 GRADUATES IN ACADEMIC COURSE.

Miss Martha Mancourt.....Terre Haute, Ind.
 Miss Mary Nester.....Detroit, Mich.
 Miss Catharine Burke.....Washington, Ind.
 Miss Margaret McSheffry.....Champaign, Ill.
 Miss Margaret Duffey.....Lafayette, Ind.

1883.

Miss Mary Helm.....Grayville, Ill.
 Miss Maud Powers.....Olney, Ill.
 Miss Nane Head.....Danville, Ill.
 Miss Ellen Bigham.....Indianapolis, Ind.
 Miss Mary Cawley.....Greencastle, Ind.
 Miss Willia Richmond.....Kokomo, Ind.
 Miss Ellen Taylor.....Port Huron, Mich.

1884.

Miss America Cale.....Poseyville, Ind.
 Miss Zeruah Briscoe.....Westfield, Ill.
 Miss Jennie Shannon.....Kansas City, Mo.
 Miss Elizabeth Wheat.....Paradise, Ill.
 Miss Fannie Kleeman.....Shelbyville, Ill.
 Miss Effie Rogers.....Decatur, Ill.
 Miss Sarah Wright.....Terre Haute, Ind.
 Miss Mary Tacket.....Shelbyville, Ill.
 Miss Daisy Tinkham.....Homer, Ill.
 Miss Lulu Robinson.....Marshall, Ill.

1885.

Miss Catherine FitzPatrick.....Kansas City, Mo.
 Miss Gertrude Doherty.....Louisville, Ky.
 Miss Mary Howard.....Chatsworth, Ill.
 Miss Christine Harding.....Jefferson City, Mo.
 Miss Mary Williams.....Wheatland, Ind.
 Miss Jessie Lytton.....Wheatland, Ind.
 Miss Emma Francis.....Bedford, Ind.
 Miss Caroline Crim.....Bedford, Ind.
 Miss Lois Andrew.....Paoli, Ind.
 Miss Inez Harris.....Vincennes, Ind.

288 *GRADUATES IN ACADEMIC COURSE.*

1890.

Miss Anna Miller.....Omaha, Neb.
Miss Catherine Tooey.....Brookfield, Mo.
Miss Bessie Hill Milner.....Sanborn, Ind.
Miss Charlotte Wright.....Indianapolis, Ind.
Miss Harriet Hetfield.....Normal, Ill.
Miss Caroline CaffeeIndianapolis, Ind.

1891.

Miss Mary Breen.....Loogootee, Ind.
Miss Frances RagorChicago, Ill.
Miss Maude O'Donnell.....Covington, Ky.
Miss Mabel Dittmore.....Indianapolis, Ind.
Miss Pauline Goben.....Crawfordsville, Ind.
Miss Anna Clune.....Indianapolis, Ind.

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